

# The Bethel News.

VOLUME X.—NUMBER 6.

BETHEL, MAINE, WEDNESDAY, JULY 13, 1904.

PRICE THREE CENTS.

Profit for You  
in Buying our

**LADIES' SUITS** at  
One-half Price

Watch for our Adver-  
tisement next week.  
It will interest you.

*Thomas Smiley*

Telephone 112-2.

NORWAY MAINE.

ARE YOU GOING TO BUY

A NEW

**BICYCLE**

this season? If so buy the

**Waldo**

None better and few as good.

If you cannot afford a new one bring  
in the old one and have it fixed up.  
All kinds of repairing promptly done  
Nice line of sundries. Give me a call.

A. F. STOWELL,

Near Station, Bethel, Maine.

E. C. Vandenkerckhoven,

ARTISTIC PHOTOGRAPHER,

29 MAIN ST.,

BETHEL, MAINE.

Notice.

Notice is hereby given that Al-  
ton C. Wheeler of South Paris has  
made application to the State  
Board of Bar Examiners for exam-  
ination for admission to the Bar at  
the next session of the Board to be  
held at Portland on the first Tues-  
day of August, 1904.

JOHN B. MADIGAN,  
Secretary of the Board.

State Examination.

The regular annual examination  
of candidates for State Certificates  
will occur Friday, August 26, 1904.  
Persons desiring further informa-  
tion regarding this examination,  
should send for circulars to W. W.  
Stetson, Augusta, Me.

Notice.

I wish to give notice that I have  
hired the Blacksmith Shop of J. C.  
Billings and am prepared to do  
Horse Shoeing and Jobbing; have  
had large practice in city work.  
Call and see me.

L. E. BATES, Bethel, Me.

Secondary School Examination.

The following boys and girls  
passed the examination recently  
given to test their fitness for do-  
ing secondary school work:

George King, Mildred Hapgood  
Albert Burk, Emma Burk  
George B. Bartlett, Hattie L. Morrill  
Lawrence Smith, Beulah Bartlett  
Robert Chase, Annie Yates  
Lillian M. Buck, Eva L. Farwell

Late in August another oppor-  
tunity will be given those who  
failed at this examination.

H. H. HASTINGS,  
Supt. of Schools.

## THE NEWS ABOUT TOWN

ITEMS OF INTEREST PICKED UP  
BY THE NEWS MAN.

Mr. Will Gunther is still confin-  
ed to the house.

Mr. J. M. Philbrook was in Ber-  
lin, N. H., Tuesday.

Miss Helen Bisbee is visiting her  
grandmother at West Paris.

Mr. Charles Ayers Mason of  
Denver is at home with his par-  
ents.

Miss Jennie Bradbury of West  
Paris visited Maud Davis the past  
week.

The Ladies' Club will meet with  
Mrs. N. E. Richardson Thursday  
afternoon.

Miss Beavins of Dover, N. H., is  
spending a few weeks with friends  
in town.

The Ladies Club will hold its  
annual Mid-summer Fair Thurs-  
day, Aug. 11.

Master Guy Kendall is visiting  
his aunt, Mrs. S. L. Hawley, at  
Mechanic Falls.

Dr. Pearl Copeland and son Ray-  
mond are guests of Mr. and Mrs.  
A. F. Copeland.

Mrs. J. F. Coolidge and son Ara  
spent the Fourth at Songo Pond  
with her daughter.

Mr. A. W. Burnham, eye special-  
ist, of Massachusetts has been here  
the past few days.

Mrs. Charles Kenney of Portland  
spent Sunday with her mother,  
Mrs. St. John Hastings.

Mrs. Quinn of Bangor who has  
been calling upon the ladies here,  
has gone to Berlin, N. H.

Thomas Kendall has sold his  
place on Bridge street to Moses  
Wilson of New Hampshire.

Miss Mabel and Master Henry  
Godwin of Andover are visiting  
their grandmother, Mrs. Roxanna  
Bean.

Mrs. Barchard of the Steam Mill  
village has moved to Berlin where  
she intends to settle and take  
boarders.

Mrs. Melinda Bean who has  
spent the past two months in Ash-  
land, N. H., returned to Bethel  
this week.

Methel Packard spent the great-  
er part of last week with her uncle  
Dr. Packard, and family at Camp  
Packard on an island near Locke  
Mills.

Mrs. Jennie Packard Coffin and  
son Frank of Brooklyn, N. Y., are  
boarding at Mt. Abram Hotel at  
Locke Mills.

The Ladies' Aid of the M. E.  
church will meet with Mrs. W. D.  
Hastings, on the lawn if pleasant,  
Thursday afternoon.

Mr. L. B. Hopkins went to Bos-  
ton Saturday. Mrs. Hopkins ac-  
companied him and will remain  
in the city some weeks.

Dr. Edwin W. Gehring has been  
elected a House Doctor to the  
Maine General Hospital for the  
year, commencing August 1.

Miss Alice Russell, assistant  
postmistress, is enjoying a two  
weeks' vacation at Castine, as the  
guest of Miss Mabel Richardson.

Mrs. Charles Hastings, her small  
sons, George and Atherton, and  
baby Helen of Washington, D. C.,  
arrived at Bethel on Saturday for  
their summer visit.

The W. O. T. U. will meet with  
Mrs. L. T. Barker Tuesday after-  
noon, July 19. A patriotic pro-  
gram will be presented and all  
ladies, members of the Union or  
not, are invited.

W. S. Wight has for the last  
three years been invited to teach  
singing classes in North Newry,  
Upton and Errol during his vaca-  
tion. Two weeks ago he started  
in and now there are nearly one  
hundred singers in the different  
classes, with much enthusiasm  
and interest and good voices. A  
new church is being built at North  
Newry which will be a fine thing  
for the place; preaching services  
are now held at the schoolhouse  
each Sunday. Wallace Kilgore has  
twenty-five city boarders at his  
finely equipped hotel, now, and  
many more are expected this week.  
Mr. Kilgore is a very kind and  
genial proprietor and is very pop-  
ular with all who know him.

Mrs. Putnam was in Lewiston  
Saturday, on business.

Fly killers for the asking at  
Hastings Bros. Call and get one.  
Mr. A. K. Jackson of South  
Paris called on friends in the vil-  
lage Saturday.

Mrs. Ed Bethune of Lynn,  
Mass., is visiting her sister, Mrs.  
S. B. Goodwin.

Mrs. C. H. Hersey and Mrs. S. B.  
Kimball of Keene, N. H., are vis-  
iting at Mrs. E. J. Philbrook's.

Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Foster and  
family arrived in Bethel last week  
and will remain here until Sept. 1.  
Methel Packard of Bethel has  
several Belgian hares which she  
will give to any who may desire  
the same.

A report of the Epworth League  
convention held in Bethel last  
week has just come to us from the  
press reporter and will be publish-  
ed in our next issue.

We are glad to note the addition  
of instruments to the New Eng-  
land Telephone Company's lines.  
Their men are in Bethel and are  
installing some twenty five new  
instruments.

The Grand Matron will be here  
the 20th to constitute the Chapter  
and install the officers of the O. E.  
S., therefore a special meeting is  
called for this evening (Wednes-  
day) and every member is request-  
ed to be present. Per order;  
GRAND MATRON.

The regular monthly business  
meeting of the Y. P. S. C. E., will  
meet with Miss Rose Kimball at  
the home of Mrs. O. M. Mason,  
on Thursday evening of this week,  
at 7:30 o'clock. As this is the  
first meeting of the new term it is  
especially desired that all mem-  
bers be present.

Messrs. W. W. Hastings and E.  
A. Herlick started for the White  
Mountains Monday to enjoy the  
automobile contests which are tak-  
ing place there during the present  
week. Several contests consisting  
of mountain climbing, mountain  
descending, long distance runs, etc.,  
will take place. Some two hun-  
dred autoists are on the grounds  
and an interesting week is in store  
for them. We notice by the pa-  
pers that Mr. F. E. Stanley, inven-  
tor and manufacturer of the Stan-  
ley carriages is carrying off the  
honors, leading all in the races and  
gaining day by day over his own  
records. Yesterday he ascended  
the mountain at the rate of seven-  
teen miles per hour.

Mock Trial, July, 21.

The celebrated Breach of Prom-  
ise Case, will be presented by well-  
known local talent:

Judge Snodgrass, Hon. E. S. Kilborn  
Lawyer for Plaintiff, Rev. C. N. Gleason  
Lawyer for Defendant, Mr. E. C. Bowler  
Court Clerk, Mr. George Ryerson  
Defendant, Mr. Harry Purlington  
Plaintiff, Miss Ethel Richardson  
Witnesses: Mr. Highty-Tighty, Miss Mattie Foster  
Mrs. Plummer, Miss B. D. Richardson  
Miss Walsh, Miss Eva Twaddle  
Miss Love, Mrs. A. Van Den Kerckhoven  
Miss Oldgirl, Miss Sarah Farwell

The jury will be composed of  
prominent men and women of  
Bethel, representing still more  
prominent citizens of the world.

Come and see our jury; listen to  
the strange oaths administered;  
hear the testimony; listen to the  
lawyers' pleas; behold the austere  
judge; laugh at the comical  
scenes; weep with the sorrowing  
plaintiff; be electrified by the  
judge's charge, and enlightened by  
the just verdict.

Odeon Hall, July 21, 1904. Ad-  
mission 25 cents. Reserved seats  
35 cents. On sale at Wiley's.

An Important Fact.

The Report recently issued by  
the Connecticut Agricultural Sta-  
tion, under the Pure Food Law,  
shows that 33 per cent. of the sam-  
ples of cream of tartar purchased  
from the grocery stores during the  
past year were adulterated with  
quantities of plaster, lime or alum.

Housekeepers may avoid the  
danger of this species of adultera-  
tion and be able to make the best  
things more easily and economi-  
cally at home by buying good bak-  
ing powder. Years ago the Royal  
Baking Powder Company estab-  
lished its own cream of tartar re-  
finery to make cream of tartar 100  
per cent. pure, which it uses ex-  
clusively in Royal Baking Powder.  
This is an important fact for every  
housekeeper to know.

## ST. LOUIS EXCURSION.

By far the largest party which has yet gone  
from the Pine Tree State.

Delightful Weather, a Delightful Party, and  
a Delightful Trip.

Sixty four people had registered  
for the St. Louis Teachers' excur-  
sion to leave Portland on June 27,  
under the direction of Mr. E. C.  
Bowler and when the last one had  
responded to the "all aboard" sixty  
four were ready to answer  
"here" at the roll call. Forty-three  
boarded the train at Portland as  
follows: Mr. and Mrs. Justin O.  
Wellman, Houlton; Miss Lena  
Lord, Sabo; Miss Harriet Holmes,  
Eastport; Misses Harriet H. Grant,  
Louise S. Ginn, Alice S. Raymond,  
Emma Sawyer, Marjorie Logie,  
Annie Logie, Cora Briggs, S. B.  
Moody and Ellen Mayberry, Mrs.  
Thomas Smiley and Mr. Fred H.  
M. Witham of Portland; Miss F.  
E. Hunt, Benton Falls; Miss Mary  
Trafton and Emily Mitchell,  
Messrs. Harry Stott and John  
Pickles, Sanford; Mr. and Mrs. E.  
B. Sawyer, Mr. and Mrs. O. W.  
Look and Mr. and Mrs. D. E. Kel-  
ley, Jonesport; Mr. W. G. Allen,  
Buckfield; Mr. Lowell E. Bailey,  
North Anson; Miss Jennie B. Bow-  
ers, Camden; Miss Annie Skillin  
and L. Pearl Reynolds, Waterville;  
Miss Emily Caswell, Harrison;  
Miss Nancy Rankin, East Hiram;  
Miss Mabel Richardson, Castine;  
Miss Mabel Humphry, Charles-  
ton; Mr. W. H. Pevear, Water-  
town, Mass.; Mr. Guy C. Howard,  
Misses Maud E. Howard, Edith D.  
Goodell and Nellie Clapp, Brook-  
field, Mass.; Miss Gertrude Jones,  
Sanbornville, N. H.; Miss Ellen S.  
Mitchell, Yarmouth; Mr. E. C.  
Bowler, Bethel. At Lewiston  
Junction we were joined by Misses  
Sue A. Thompson, Rumford Falls;  
Rose Matthieu, Farmington, and  
Susie L. Fitz, Auburn, and by Mr.  
Fred Brown at South Paris. Beth-  
el gave us eleven, Rev. C. N. Glea-  
son, Misses Ruby Clark, Anna  
Carlson, Evelyn Briggs, and Daisy  
Dixon, Messrs. Harry Purlington,  
Lyman Wheeler and H. O. Arch-  
bald and Mrs. E. C. Bowler, and  
son Ernest Jr. The next recruit  
came at Berlin where Messrs. F. G.  
Jackson, J. W. Cooper and Fred  
Jacobs were added; Groveton also  
had three, Miss Flora Wheeler  
and Mrs. Clara A. McIntire of Jef-  
ferson and Warren Hastings of  
Lancaster. The last to join us  
was Mr. Victor Gehring of Ithaca,  
N. Y., who met us at Niagara Falls.

We left Portland in two special  
Pullman sleeping cars on schedule  
time but owing to the burning of a  
bridge on the Boston & Maine that  
afternoon we were held up at the  
Portland and Rochester Junction for  
two hours. This indeed was a  
bad beginning and yet it contain-  
ed a grain of hopefulness for those  
of the party who had not observed  
that there is more truth than  
poetry in the saying that a bad be-  
ginning assures a good ending.  
Nor was their hopefulness vain, for  
barring "our long stop before  
we started," our trip was a most  
ideal one indeed, almost unprece-  
dented for good luck, good weather,  
good treatment, good cheer, good  
party and a right good time.  
Though all doubtless would have  
willed otherwise, yet time did not  
hang exceedingly heavy upon  
those along the line who wended  
their ways to the midnight train  
only to await our arrival two hours  
later for most of them did not  
tarry alone—our Bethel friends for  
example—for when the writer stepped  
from the train to meet his  
party at 1:10 a. m. it seemed as  
though he was met by half of the  
town; a little multitude had come  
to the station to give us a happy  
send off and had made the night  
merry and the waiting hours short.  
It was past three o'clock when the  
last waiting souls were added at  
Groveton and all had passed or  
should have passed to the silent  
dreamland.

But who ever heard of sound  
slumbers during the first night on

an excursion train! Here is one  
instance in which our trip was not  
unprecedented. With the peep of  
day came the peep of eyes, eager to  
get a view of the plains of Canada,  
and with the rising sun came the  
tip-toeing of many down the aisles  
of our Pullmans. All were early  
astir and fully enjoyed their morn-  
ing ride over the rich acres of Cana-  
da. It was 9 a. m. when we cross-  
ed the Victoria Jubilee bridge and  
many of our party, looked forth for  
the first time upon the mighty St.  
Lawrence.

Arriving in Canada's metropolis,  
we went at once to St. Lawrence  
Hall, and 'twere putting it mildly  
indeed, to say that all did  
full justice to the bountiful break-  
fast which awaited us. At  
11:00 a. m. we took carriages for  
that most delightful ride about  
that old English city, and it was a  
delightful one indeed. The weather  
was delightful, and everything was  
delightful, and will be remember-  
ed by all for years to come. As  
common as tourists are to the in-  
habitants of that city our large party  
attracted much attention, and many  
backward glances were made by  
passers-by to find out who we were.  
Our hacks were indeed comfortable  
and as we rested, the driver showed  
us many places of interest. Ac-  
quainted as they are with every  
nook and corner, they can point out  
the old landmarks, the noted cat-  
hedrals, and name the beautiful  
parks and monuments as they drive  
by. They also stop at all places of  
interest, and many availed them-  
selves of entering the largest fur  
store on the North American con-  
tinent and Bonsecour church, said  
to be the oldest Catholic church in  
North America. We passed the  
palatial Windsor hotel, Royal Vic-  
toria college, Dominion Square,  
Victoria Square, Royal Victoria  
hospital, McGill University, and  
many beautiful residences, catch-  
ing every now and then a glimpse  
of the harbor wherein were crafts  
of all kinds from the simple river  
boat to the ocean liners. We sigh-  
ed for more sight seeing in this di-  
rection, but our time was limited  
and we passed away from the first  
harbor in the world to be lighted  
by electricity.

The most beautiful place in Mont-  
real, and to miss which is to miss  
the chief attraction and pride of  
the city, is Mount Royal. Beauti-  
ful driveways wind around the  
mountain's slope, and new beauties  
appear as one driveway after an-  
other is passed. Reaching the  
summit we alighted from our hacks  
and looked about us. The city  
seemed nestled almost below; be-  
yond was the broad waters of the  
St. Lawrence with Nun's island a  
little to the right, while in the  
far distance was plainly seen the  
soft line of the Green mountains in  
Vermont and the silvery gleam of  
Lake Champlain. Walking to the  
extreme end of the walk, the rush-  
ing waters of the Lachine rapids  
were plainly seen. We looked and  
looked again, drinking in the  
beauty of the scene, and loath to  
leave it for the rush and whirl of  
the days to come. However  
these scenes may have been pic-  
tured to any of us in the past, and  
whatever we may have anticipated  
at the time, certainly the antici-  
pation compared not with the realiza-  
tion. Again and again our friends  
told us that if they were to cut  
their trip short at that very point  
and return home, they had been  
well repaid for all expense. We  
again entered our hacks and were  
driven down the mountain and to-  
wards our hotel. As we pass-  
ed beautiful residences and  
through busy streets palpitating  
with more than three hundred and  
fifty thousand souls, it seemed al-  
most unreal that two hundred  
years ago the city was a poor

## You better call

And see the large line of  
Souvenirs

I have this season:

SWEET GRASS BASKETS,

BURNT LEATHER,

BIRCH BARK,

and FANCY WOOD GOODS

Many entirely new designs this  
spring.

The prices are so low they will  
surprise you.

**EDWARD KING,**

Jeweler and Optician,

BETHEL, MAINE.

French settlement, and continually  
threatened with destruction by  
Indians. Its early settlers were  
not seeking merely worldly gain.  
It had a religious origin, and be-  
cause of the many churches in its  
midst, it is frequently spoken of as  
the City of Churches. We visited  
the largest after our drive: The  
church of Notre Dame capable of  
containing ten thousand people,  
was to us a structure of beauty and  
grandeur. Here, as well as  
at the St. James cathedral, men  
women and children were worship-  
ping; coming and going from  
morning 'til night, as these places of  
worship are open all day except  
during the noon hour.

We also strolled about the busy  
streets and visited some of the  
large department stores, but night  
overtook us before we saw all we  
were interested in, and we returned  
to our gathering place, pleased  
with the beautiful city and its  
polite inhabitants. In the days to  
come, all of our happy party may  
sit with closed eyes and see again  
the magnificence of Mount Royal,  
feel again the solemnity of the  
minutes spent in the grand  
churches, and in so doing will wish  
for another view of the massive  
old city. At 8:30 we returned to  
our Pullmans which we occupied  
the night before, and were soon on  
our journey up the St. Lawrence.

All were eager for their first  
view of Lake Ontario, hence they  
were as early astir as they were  
the previous morning. Unfor-  
tunately, however, a fog hung over  
the lake, and it was not until about  
seven o'clock that a good view was  
had. We had our breakfast at  
Hamilton, Ontario, at 8:00 a. m.,  
and the way they handled our  
party, serving us to sixty-five  
breakfasts, the better than which  
we did not receive during our trip,  
in just twenty minutes, was a  
pleasant surprise to us. Of course,  
they were expecting us, and had  
prepared themselves right royally.

We were then off for Niagara,  
the real sight of sights of our trip  
and wonder of wonders of the  
Western Hemisphere. With the  
sparkling Ontario on our left and  
those rich orchards of peach, pear,  
plum and grapes on our right,  
there was indeed ample material  
for our eyes to feast upon. Thus  
the time went quickly and before  
we knew it we were upon that stu-  
pendous structure, the steel arch  
bridge of the Grand Trunk which  
spans the Niagara Gorge. As  
never before, our hearts yearned  
within us for a glimpse of the  
cataract beyond as we looked down,  
down, down, into that mighty  
abyss. In a few moments we ar-  
rived at Niagara, and according to  
arrangements were met by a repre-  
sentative of the Great Gorge peo-  
ple who had a special car awaiting  
us into which we speedily entered  
and started for the exceedingly in-  
teresting ride up and down the  
American side. The rock cliffs  
above us, the quiet water above  
and the turbulent waters below the  
bridge, with the vista open-  
ing up through and beyond it were  
most interesting. The mysterious  
whirlpool and the rapids, now  
black and sullen with a fiendish  
malignancy in their seeming quiet,  
now raging and thrusting out arms  
of white spray, held the eye and  
Continued on Page 4.



## BUSINESS CARDS.

MISS E. E. BURNHAM,  
Millinery, Fancy Goods and Jewelry,  
BETHEL, ME.

HERNICK & PARK,  
Attorneys at Law,  
BETHEL, ME.

H. H. HASTINGS,  
Attorney-at-Law,  
Bethel, Mo.

Frye office.  
A. W. GROVER,  
Pension Attorney,  
28 Main St., BETHEL, MAINE.  
Office days the last three of each week.

LONG DISTANCE TELEPHONE.  
DR. GARDINER L. STURDIVANT,  
Physician & Surgeon,  
Office in Residence,  
opposite Odeon Hall, BETHEL.

Long Distance Telephone.  
DR. I. H. WIGHT,  
Physician and Surgeon,  
Office in Residence at  
Wormell Stand, BETHEL, MAINE.

J. WALDO NASH,  
Licensed Taxidermist,  
Norway, MAINE.  
Telephone Connection.

**GRAND TRUNK SYSTEM**  
**WORLD'S FAIR,**  
ST. LOUIS, MO.

April 30th to December 1st, 1904.  
REDUCED RATES FROM BETHEL.  
Limit 15 Days, \$26.00  
Limit 30 Days, \$31.95  
Limit until December 15th, \$38.30

FOR ROUND TRIP.  
Tickets on sale daily, until Decem-  
ber, 1904.  
Stop-overs allowed at Chicago,  
Port Huron, Detroit and any Point  
in Canada.  
Tickets good by Niagara Falls in  
either direction.

Time Table in Effect June 1st, 1904.  
TRAINS GOING EAST.

	A. M.	P. M.
Island Pond, leave, .....	1.30	1.00
Gorham, .....	3.21	2.45
Gilead, .....	3.45	3.05
West Bethel, .....	3.57	3.15
BETHEL, arrive, .....	4.05	3.23
Lookle Mills, .....	4.22	3.32
Bryant Pond, .....	4.32	3.38
South Paris, .....	4.51	3.59
Lewiston, .....	5.50	4.55
Portland, arrive, .....	6.40	5.45
Boston, via rail, .....	A. M.	P. M.
Boston, via boat, .....	A. M.	P. M.

TRAINS GOING WEST.

	A. M.	P. M.
Portland, leave, .....	8.15	8.30
Lewiston, .....	9.00	9.20
South Paris, .....	10.00	10.15
Bryant Pond, .....	10.28	10.45
Lookle Mills, .....	10.35	10.53
BETHEL, arrive, .....	10.46	11.03
West Bethel, .....	10.54	11.10
Gilead, .....	11.05	11.22
Gorham, .....	11.30	11.50
Island Pond, .....	1.30	1.50
Montreal, .....	6.50	7.20
Toronto, .....	7.15	4.50
Chicago, .....	8.45	7.20

SUNDAY EXCURSIONS.  
Excursions to Gorham and Berlin be-  
gin June 12th and run each Sunday till  
Oct. 23, fare 45 cts. round trip. Train  
leaves Bethel at 11.12 a. m. Returning  
leaves Berlin at 4 p. m. arriving in  
Bethel at 5.05.

Excursions to Portland begin July 3,  
and continue till Sept. 11, fare \$1.00.  
Train leaves Bethel 6.55 a. m., return-  
ing, arrives at 8.35 p. m.

The 8:53 a. m. train will carry a par-  
lor car from Gorham giving through  
service to Boston on and after June 21  
J. H. O'CONNOR, Agent.

**E. E. WHITNEY & Co.**  
BETHEL, ME.  
Marble & Granite  
Workers.

Chaste Designs.  
First-Class workmanship.  
Letters of inquiry promptly  
answered. See our work.  
Get our prices.  
Satisfaction Guaranteed.

**E. E. WHITNEY & Co.**  
CALL AT  
**R. E. L. FARWELL'S**  
and see  
what you can find  
that is  
good to eat.

if you don't see what you want,  
ask for it

**PISO'S CURE FOR**  
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.  
Don't forget, PISO'S CURE  
is sold by druggists.

**CONSUMPTION**

**CONSUMPTION**

**CONSUMPTION**

**CONSUMPTION**

**CONSUMPTION**

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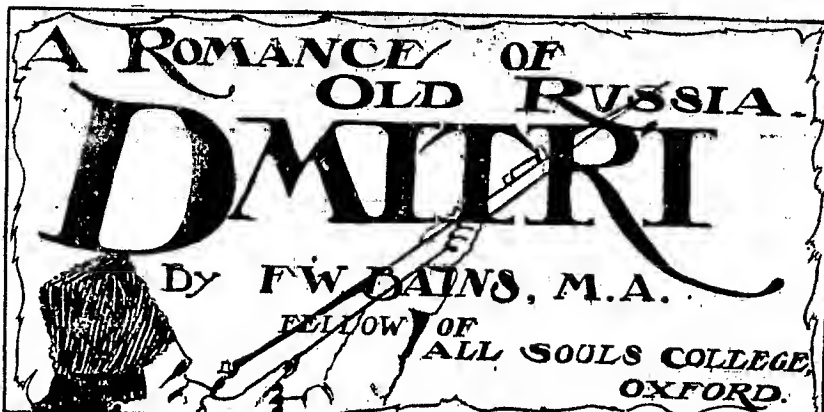
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**CONSUMPTION**

**CONSUMPTION**



**A ROMANCE OF OLD RUSSIA**  
**DMITRI**  
By F. W. DAINS, M.A.  
FELLOW OF ALL SOULS COLLEGE, OXFORD.

IX.  
In a luxurious room in one of the  
many magnificent palaces which  
adorned the Polish capital, Cracow,  
there sat, late one evening, or rather,  
early one morning, in 1603, some  
dozen young nobles, talking, laugh-  
ing, and betting eagerly on a game at  
pique which was going on between  
two of them. The door opened, and a  
young man entered abruptly, dressed  
in the very height of the fashion of  
France under Henry IV.—to wit, in  
light blue silk trunk hose and doublet,  
slashed with black, a dark green  
velvet shoulder-cloak, and a black hat  
blazing with jewels, and adorned with  
a white eagle feather.

"Ivanicki!" shouted half a dozen  
voices at once. "Hurrah! where have  
you dropped from?"  
"Just back to-night from Sandomir,  
gentlemen," said Ivanicki quietly, as  
he gave his hand to one after another.  
"I've been staying with Konstantin  
Wisnowski at Jalojicz. Put up your  
cards, you two, and come all of you  
and listen. I've news that will stop  
all cards for all of us for a long  
time to come, and for some of us for  
ever."

"Fire away with it then."  
"Guess," said Ivanicki, as he settled  
himself in a chair and took a pull at a  
cup presented by the host.  
"Oh, Sigismund's turned Protes-  
tant!"

"No."  
"Snake worshipper, then?"  
"Something far more wonderful than  
that."

"Poo! man. What could be, unless  
the dead were to come to life again?"  
"But that's just what has happened."  
"What do you mean?"  
Ivanicki lay back and enjoyed his  
triumph.

"Did you ever, any of you, hear of  
that business at Uglitch about Prince  
Dmitri?"  
"What! the fellow that Boris Godu-  
now murdered?" exclaimed a young  
noble called Pac.

"The son of the old devil incarnate,  
Ivan Vassilovitch," added Niemkiewicz.  
"The same. Well, he's come to life  
again."

"He hasn't!"  
"Fact gentlemen. Adam Wisnowski  
found him at Braham."

"The young men looked at one an-  
other.  
"Look here, Ivanicki, you're joking;  
this is one of your old tricks," said  
the host, one Soltikoff.

"No, mine host, not this time; it's  
as true as my name's Boleslas."  
"But how do you know it's really  
Prince Dmitri?" asked Pac.

"Why, it's a long story, but it's cer-  
tainly enough. He told it all to Adam's  
chaplain, who told it all to Adam.  
You must ask Adam for particulars."

"What's that?"  
"He drew back into the shadow as  
light steps and the rustle of dresses  
sounded on the walk. A pair of young  
ladies presently appeared on the bank,  
the shorter carrying a lute, and seated  
themselves on a stone seat which  
looked out over the water, close by  
Dmitri's lurking-place.

"What's Orlando doing, Marie?" said  
the taller girl to her companion with  
the lute.  
"Oh, he's talking politics with papa  
in the library! We are safe for  
hours. Look, Lise, at that great black  
thing in the water, bobbing about.  
Isn't it like a man's head?"

"Oh, never mind that! Let's talk  
about Orlando."  
"Whom do you mean?"  
"Why, the prince, of course! There's  
a man for you! Isn't he handsome,  
Marie?"

"No," said Marie; "he's not!"  
"Hoghty-toghty! how critical we  
are—all of a sudden. I say, Marie,  
how would you like to be Tsarina of  
all Muscovy?"

"The kind night hid Marina's blushes.  
"How silly you are, Lise! What do  
you mean?"  
"Oh, yes!" said the malicious Lise.  
"What do you mean? A city that is  
set on a hill cannot be hid, you know,"  
Lise!

"Do you know, Marie, how the Tsar  
chooses his wife? He has all the girls  
in Muscovy collected, and then they  
are penned up like sheep in folds, and  
gradually sorted and thinned out by  
expert critics—just like a Turkish  
beauty market, and the most beauti-  
ful of all becomes the Tsarina!"

"Don't be so absurd, Lise!"  
"It's not absurd; it's true!" said  
Lise. "Count Ivanicki told me all  
about it the other day; and the Rus-  
sian ambassador told him last year.  
But you needn't be afraid, Marie; you  
would get the prize anywhere—the  
future Tsar would give you the ap-  
ple!"

"Don't Lise!"  
"Look, Marie, sing something! I feel  
very sentimental to-night."  
"I can't, Lise; not to-night."

"Why did you bring your lute, then?  
Oh, coy little bird! Sing—sing some-  
thing! I darest the Muscovite prince  
will be lurking somewhere near!—  
you'd better sing!"

"Lise!" exclaimed Marie again.  
There was a pause, and presently  
Dmitri heard her low, but very sweet  
voice, accompanied by an occasional  
chord—

"I found in a dream, in the land of  
dreams,  
A silver shore:  
A blue, blue sea, with ivory ships;  
All studded o'er,  
And there, on the beach, my hand  
might reach  
On a green tree  
(Be bold! be bold!) pippins of gold,  
Fair to see.

I stretched out my lily-white hand,  
That fruit I grasp;  
I saw not under the treacherous  
leaves  
The lurking asp.  
The golden cheat as I did eat,  
Into my heart  
(Ah, fool!) pierced the cruel,  
Poisoned dart.

Vainly I seek that land of joy,  
The fairy sea;  
Nothing now but the aching heart  
Remains to me.  
Far from home, exiled I roam!  
In vain! in vain!  
Never more to stand on the shore—  
Never again!

As she sang the last words her  
voice quivered, the lute dropped from  
her hands, and she burst into tears.  
"Why, Marie! Marie! Dear heart!  
what is the matter?"  
"I don't know, Lise; I feel—I've a  
presentiment—something is going to  
happen!"

"Foolish child!" said Lise kindly.  
"You shouldn't sing these mournful  
ditties, you susceptible little thing!  
—They get on your nerves. Wait  
here a moment; I'll go and bring my  
smelling-bottle. Don't move. I won't  
be a minute."

She rose and tripped away.

XI.  
As her footsteps died away on the  
path, Marie rose and took a step  
nearer the river.  
"Oh, Dmitri, Dmitri! why did you  
come here? What have you done to  
me? Why shouldn't I jump in and  
end it all? He doesn't care one bit  
for me. And then to think of his  
going away to Russia, and fighting,  
and never coming back again. It's  
too awful. I wish it had been me, and  
not Count Ivanicki, the bear had  
seized! But then Dmitri might have  
saved me." She smiled through her  
tears at the inconsistency. "Oh, why  
wast I a man?"

"Could this be the proud and light-  
hearted Marina Mniszek—the Barbara  
Allen of Polish society—for whom  
the young Polish nobles sighed in  
vain?"  
Dmitri watched her a moment from  
his ambush; he marked her lithe fig-  
ure in its full brocade skirt and thin  
waist, her white throat surrounded  
by a huge ruff, against which her  
pretty head and golden hair stood out  
irresistibly, and then emerged from  
the shadow.

"One person, at least, is glad you  
are not a man," he said, simply.  
Marina gave a little cry. "Prince—  
Dmitri!"  
"Forgive me for interrupting your  
reverie," said Dmitri. "I caught sight  
of you from the terrace, and came  
down. Aren't the stars bright to-  
night?"  
Marina gradually mastered her con-  
fusion.

"I met a queer fellow last year,"  
went on Dmitri, with a smile. "He  
was something in my line—an exiled  
prince. Gustav, I think, was his name.  
He ought to be King of Sweden, if he  
had his rights. He told me a lot  
about the stars."

"Oh, yes! Prince Gustav Ericson,"  
said Marina. "I know about him. I've  
seen him at Wilna. He came to Court  
once."

"Well, he was a great astrologer. He  
cast my horoscope. It was an odd one."  
As he spoke, a shooting star ran  
over the sky with a trail of light  
and disappeared.

"There!" said Dmitri. "Did you see  
it? That says it all; that's just what  
he said!"  
"Oh, Prince!"

Dmitri looked at her upturned face,  
white in the moonlight, and read in it  
the expression, never to be mistaken  
—the look, half timid, half fascinat-  
ing, which a girl, head over ears in  
love, but who is not sure of her love  
being returned, always wears when  
she looks at her idol. With the subtle  
intuition of genius he grasped the  
whole situation, divined her character,  
and pitched on the right thing to be  
done.

"Marina! he suddenly said, 'I'm a  
wandering fugitive. It may be that I  
never get back to the throne of my  
ancestors. Pish! throne of my an-  
cestors!—what rubbish! Look! I will  
trust you with my secret. I am not  
Prince Dmitri at all—I am only an  
adventurer, but I was born under a  
lucky star, and I feel I shall win my  
game. I love you, Marie. Will you  
cast in your lot with me?'"

She gazed at him for a moment,  
speechless with astonishment. The  
blow, metaphorically speaking, felled  
her to the ground. Then she threw  
herself into his strong arms with a  
scream that might have been a laugh  
or a sob, and wept like a child on his  
breast.

Five minutes later, Lise, returning  
with the smelling-bottle, came to the  
conclusion it was not wanted, and  
went softly back again.

XII.  
Over an oaken table, at the end of  
a long paneled room, sat Sigismund,  
King of Poland and Sweden. Round  
the walls rose long tiers of huge the-  
ological quartos and folios, not, as  
now, left undisturbed in their decora-  
tive repose, but frequently consulted  
by their royal owner on controversial  
points. A taper burned in one corner  
of the room before a huge image of  
the Virgin—the only ornament of the

library, save a great full-length por-  
trait of Catherine Jagellonica, who  
seemed to look down on her well-be-  
loved son with perpetual sympathy  
and approval.

The King was poring over a mem-  
orial recently received from His Hol-  
iness Pope Clement VIII, dealing with  
the difficult question as to how to re-  
cover the lost influence of the Catholic  
Church in Sweden. The clock struck  
eleven, and as he raised his head he  
was aware of a gentleman usher who  
had appeared through a curtain at  
the other end of the room, and was  
waiting till the King's eyes should  
fall on him.

"Well, Chardon, what is it?"  
"Your Majesty, the Papal legate  
wishes to know when your Majesty  
could see him on a matter of great  
importance."

"Show him in at once."  
Of all the foreign ambassadors the  
Papal legate alone had the power of  
interviewing the king in private; and  
this, like most events more or less  
passed over in histories had a decisive  
and fatal influence on the fortunes  
of Poland.

A minute afterwards, a dark,  
smooth-shaven man of middle height,  
with a keen, quiet glance, entered the  
room with the stealthy step noticed  
as peculiar to the Jesuit of that age  
—the palmy day of their Order.

"Good day, Rangoni," said the King.  
"I can guess what brings you: this  
strange affair of the Russian Prince."  
The legate bowed.

"I don't know quite what to think of  
it," said Sigismund. "I have been wait-  
ing eagerly for your arrival. But al-  
ready the pretender has turned the  
heads of half Poland with his story  
—whether true or false, I own I find  
it impossible to say."

"Your Majesty does well to suspend  
your judgment in the matter. It be-  
comes us to consider the point with  
other heads than those of inconsid-  
erate and hot-headed boys. Your Ma-  
jesty remembers the saying, that the  
Poles do nothing but fight and hunt.  
A story like this carries them away."

"Well, Rangoni, but it's not only the  
young men, but even old and experi-  
enced counsellors have declared their  
belief in him. Zamolski, certainly,  
laughs at the whole affair; but then,  
as you know, he is apt to run counter  
to the accepted view on other matters  
as well."

"Sire," said the Jesuit, looking down  
at his feet, "I will not deny that the  
pretender—shall I call him—has the  
face of things on his side. I have  
had many letters from him. My  
agents at Sandomir and elsewhere  
have watched him closely at odd mo-  
ments when he little suspected it, and  
they all report his bearing to be  
erect and honorable, and fully equal  
to his assumed character, save that he  
manifests a greater readiness to be his  
own valet than is common with Pol-  
ish nobles, which may be excused—"  
the Jesuit added with a smile—"in  
virtue of his acquired habits during  
his long exile. But, to be quite plain,  
we are statesmen, and it is not enough  
to examine the abstract justice of his  
claim. I would not advise your Ma-  
jesty to further his schemes, even if  
he were in truth what he says, merely  
on that account alone; nor again  
would I recommend your Majesty to  
cast him off absolutely, even though  
he were a palpable impostor. The  
question for us is—How does policy  
point? And I will frankly tell your  
Majesty that, all things considered,  
the young man's appearance at the  
present critical moment seems little  
less in my eyes than a direct favor of  
Providence."

"Go on, Rangoni," said the King, as  
the Jesuit paused; "tell me what you  
think about it."

[To be continued.]

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The doctor said I needed plenty  
open air exercise to restore a ne

condition of bodily and mental acti-  
without overtaxing the heart at  
Gracious me! I fear this is becom-  
almost too violent.

Philosopho.  
The old man was sitting on  
roof, gazing placidly across the  
ing waters.  
"Washed all your fowls away?"  
ed the man in the boat.  
"Yes, but the ducks swam," said  
the old man.  
"Tore up your peach trees?"  
"Don't mind it much. They s-  
the crop would be a failure."  
"But the food! It is up to y-  
windows!"  
"Well, them windows needed wa-  
ing anyway, stranger."—Chicago  
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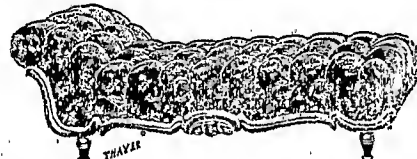
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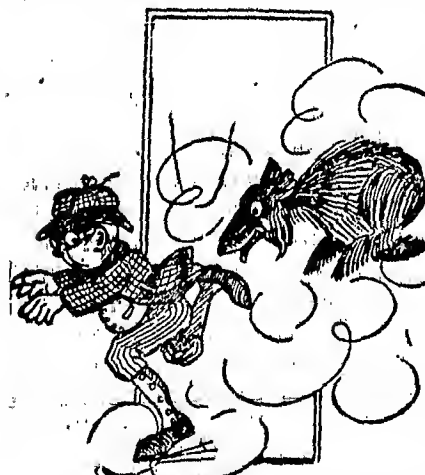
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"Tore up your peach trees?"  
"Don't mind it much. They said the crop would be a failure."  
"But the flood! It is up to your windows!"  
"Well, them windows needed washing anyway, stranger." — Chicago Daily News.

## ALL THE STATES AT THE WORLD'S FAIR.

Many Beautiful Pavilions and Pretentious Buildings Show Forth the Enterprise of American Commonwealths.

A beautiful city has grown up among the trees on the World's Fair grounds at St. Louis. It has nothing to do with the immense exhibit palaces, but is a thing apart. The houses in this new city are of various styles of architecture. Some are palatial in size and appearance, while others look merely cozy and inviting. Never before have so many notable and historic buildings been constructed in one group. This new city might be called the City of the States, for the houses included in it are the state buildings at the Fair.

The city is not compact, but somewhat straggling, as befits the picturesque of the view. Yet there is nothing suggestive of a Stringtown-on-the-Pike about this city, for the grounds surrounding each of the houses are beautified with gardens typical of the state represented.

All the states are to be represented at the World's Fair. This means a great deal, a shining triumph for the Louisiana Purchase Exposition, and furnishes another illustration of the fact that this Exposition's completeness is the marvel of the age.

Fifty-one states, territories and possessions of the United States have taken the steps necessary to participate in the World's Fair on an important scale. But two states were still outside the fold at the last report, and in each of these was a well defined movement in favor of being represented at the Fair with buildings and exhibits. New Hampshire, the old home state, and Delaware are the states referred to. In New Hampshire a fund for participation is being raised privately by patriotic citizens, so that in the event of legislative inaction this commonwealth may be represented.

The states and territories are expending over \$7,000,000 in their efforts to show off to best advantage at the Exposition. This is a million and a third more than was expended at the Chicago exposition by the states. In addition to this, large cities in many states will have municipal exhibits, the funds for which are not included in these figures. The municipal exhibit idea is entirely novel. From a number of the states there will be prominent county exhibits provided by special appropriation of county funds.

This City of the States presents a picture of surpassing beauty. Nature has done much to aid in the creation of the picture. Never before has any exposition been able to grant such advantageous sites for state buildings. The buildings are situated on a plateau about seventy-five feet higher than the level ground to the north upon which stand the main exhibit palaces. There are hills and ravines here and there, enabling the landscapists to lay out a most delightful pattern of roads and terraces and lawns.

The smallest of the state buildings is that of Arizona, which stands near the southeastern entrance to the grounds. One of the largest is that of Missouri, from the dome of which it is said that perhaps the very finest view of the Exposition may be enjoyed. This building is a palace in the Italian renaissance architecture, built at a cost of \$105,000. Near by is the reproduction of the Cabildo at New Orleans, in which the Louisiana Purchase transfer ceremonies took place—Louisiana's state building. Ohio has a clubhouse of highly ornate design, in the architecture of the French renaissance. Illinois is prominent with a most pretentious structure, with wide verandas and a commanding cupola.

A description of each of the state buildings, with any detail, would more than fill a newspaper page. It is only possible here to hint at some of the interesting structures. California, for instance, has reproduced in exact size the famous old La Rabida Mission. Connecticut presents a replica of the Sigourney residence at Hartford, home of the poetess Lydia Huntley Sigourney in her time. This building is said to be the finest specimen of purely colonial architecture now standing.

The New Kentucky Home, from the Blue Grass State, is a handsome clubhouse that would make some of the mansions along Fifth avenue, New York city, look insignificant. Beauvoir, the quaint old house which Jefferson Davis owned and occupied for many years, is reproduced by Mississippi. Its wide verandas or galleries give it a most inviting appearance. Washington's headquarters at Morristown, N. J., are reproduced by New Jersey. Virginia contributes Monticello, the home of Thomas Jefferson.

The state of Washington contributes a structure of unique design. It is called the Wigwam, five stories high, built of wood from Washington forests. The building is octagonal, with gigantic diagonal timbers rising from the ground and meeting in an apex ninety feet in the air, above which is built an observatory, from which a splendid view of the Exposition may be had. An elevator will carry visitors to the observatory.

New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Arkansas, Colorado, West Virginia, Indiana, Wisconsin, Texas and many other states are represented by buildings which cannot fail to arouse admiration. The Texas building is in the shape of a five pointed star, an appropriate idea for the big Lone Star State. Iowa has a magnificent mansion, with classic porticoes and a central tower containing an observatory chamber. Kansas, Indian Territory and Oklahoma each uphold the growing reputation of the southwest for enterprise and fertility of resources.

**FIBROID TUMORS CURED.****Mrs. Hayes' First Letter Appealing to Mrs. Pinkham for Help:**

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I have been under Boston doctors' treatment for a long time without any relief. They tell me I have a fibroid tumor. I cannot sit down without great pain, and the soreness extends up my spine. I have bearing-down pains both back and front. My abdomen is swollen, and I have had flowing spells for three years. My appetite is not good. I cannot walk or be on my feet for any length of time.

The symptoms of Fibroid Tumor given in your little book accurately describe my case, so I write to you for advice."—(Signed) Mrs. E. F. HAYES, 232 Dudley St. (Roxbury), Boston, Mass.

**Mrs. Hayes' Second Letter:**

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—Sometime ago I wrote to you describing my symptoms and asked your advice. You replied, and I followed all your directions carefully, and to-day I am a well woman."

"The use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound entirely expelled the tumor and strengthened my whole system. I can walk miles now."

"Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is worth five dollars a drop. I advise all women who are afflicted with tumors or female trouble of any kind to give it a faithful trial."—(Signed) Mrs. E. F. HAYES, 232 Dudley St. (Roxbury), Boston, Mass. —\$5000 Forfeit. If original of above letters proving genuineness cannot be produced.

**GENERAL NEWS.**

A gold brick pyramid, 7 feet high and 3 by 6 feet square at the base, is exhibited in the Alaskan building at the World's Fair. The bricks are 3 by 7 inches are covered with genuine sheet gold.

Mrs. Rachel Jackson Lawrence, grand-daughter of President Andrew Jackson and the companion and favorite grandchild Old Hickory, is the hostess of the Tennessee building at the World's Fair. The Tennessee building is a reproduction of President Jackson's old home, The Hermitage.

A recent act of Congress directed the printing of 9,000 copies of what is known as the "Jefferson Bible." The volume was compiled by Thomas Jefferson. It has been the subject of much controversy among clergy and laity and considerable opposition was manifested to its publication by Congress. The original volume is deposited with the National Museum, and is in a very poor state of preservation. Of the 9,000 copies to be printed, 3,000 will be for the Senate and the remainder for the House of Representatives. Of the work Jefferson said: "It is a paradigm of Jesus' doctrines made by cutting the texts out of the books and arranging them on the pages of a blank book in a certain order of time or subject. A more beautiful or precious morsel of ethics I have never seen."

**PROBATE NOTICES.**

To all persons interested in either of the Estates heretofore named:

At a Probate Court, held at Paris, in and for the County of Oxford, on the third Tuesday of June in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and four. The following matter having been presented for the action thereupon heretofore indicated, it is hereby ORDERED:

That notice thereof be given to all persons interested by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in "The Bethel News," a newspaper published at Bethel, in said County, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at said Paris, on the third Tuesday of July, A. D. 1904, at 9 o'clock in the forenoon, and be heard if they see cause.

SOPHRONA W. GROVER, late of Bethel, deceased; final account presented for allowance by Darius H. Grover, administrator.

EDWIN DOUGHTY, late of Milton Plantation, deceased; final account presented for allowance by James M. Day, administrator of the estate of Lucy F. Doughty, deceased, formerly administratrix of the estate of said Edwin Doughty.

GRACE MARTIN et al., minor wards, of Greenwood; petition for license to sell and convey real estate presented by Edward W. Penley, guardian.

HEPZIBAH K. EAMES, late of Bethel, deceased; petition to fill vacancies in board of trustees created by a certain deed of trust given by said Hepzibah K. Eames in her life time, presented by Calvin N. Kimball.

ARIEL T. CARVER, late of Bethel, deceased; petition that Albert W. Grover, or some other suitable person be appointed administrator, presented by Albert W. Grover.

ADDISON E. HERRICK, Judge of said Court.

A true copy—attest: ALBERT D. PARK, Register.

**NOTICE.**

The subscriber hereby gives notice that he has been duly appointed administrator of the estate of ELLEN E. D. PEASELEE, late of Upton, in the County of Oxford, deceased, and gives bonds as the law directs. All persons having demands against the estate of said deceased are desired to present the same for settlement, and all indebted thereto are requested to make payment immediately.

July 21, 1904. Silas F. Peaselee.

**NOTICE.**

The subscriber hereby gives notice that she has been duly appointed executrix of the last will and testament of MOSES A. MASON, late of Bethel, in the County of Oxford, deceased, and gives bonds as the law directs. All persons having demands against the estate of said deceased are desired to present the same for settlement, and all indebted thereto are requested to make payment immediately.

July 21, 1904. Angella M. Clark.

## POULTRY & LIVE STOCK.

**PLYMOUTH ROCK BREEDING.**

Best Methods for the Practical Breeder.

After all the most difficult matter in breeding Barred Plymouth Rocks is in preserving the beauty of their markings. The difficulties have, I think, been greatly increased by the "double mating system," practised by most Plymouth Rock fanciers. In the hands of experts there is no question that the finest show birds are produced by this system, but the buyer of eggs from such stock frequently does not understand the conditions of success and soon finds all his flock smutty and ugly. In double mating a male of standard color, that is, as dark as a tolerably light colored pullet is mated to hens darker than himself, and too dark for show birds. A certain per cent of the cockerels from this mating will be like their sire—that is, of show color; all the pullets are dark like their dams and are either sent to the pot or used for the production of more cockerels. A second mating is made of standard colored females with a male considerably lighter. The offspring of this mating will show a per cent of good show colored females, but the cockerels will be like their sire rather too light for exhibition and not of the same shade as their sisters. These two lines of breeding—cockerel and pullet lines as they are called—are kept entirely distinct. If they are crossed, for example, a show colored cockerel of the cockerel line, with a light colored hen of pullet line or the light cockerel of a pullet line, with a hen too dark from cockerel line, the result is apt to be a brood of smutty or splotchy cockerels and pullets, neither sex showing good markings. Now this is exactly what frequently happens when a



breeder who has not studied the question, buys of a fancier. If, for example, he buys eggs the fancier, unless otherwise directed sends some from each mating. They are hatched and grow up. Among the offspring are some elegant standard colored cockerels and some beautiful pullets. The owner if he exhibits may take prizes on them, at any rate he is delighted with his beautiful little flock. He selects the best cockerel and mates to best pullets with high hopes of a large flock of beauties for the next year. But when these chicks grow up they are nothing like their parents, perhaps there is not a single specimen worth keeping, the result of years of careful breeding are thrown away; the disappointed owner loses interest in his flock and loses confidence either in his own power to breed chickens or in the merits of Plymouth Rocks or in the honesty of the breeder from whom he bought.

Or again the buyer may have a lot of dark colored hens going back to some cockerel mating of which he knows nothing. He wants to improve the color of his flocks and sends off and pays a fancy price for a "light" cockerel (of a pullet-mating of course). The results are like those of the preceding case and the fanciers reputation is ruined in that community. The moral is, if you buy of a fancier who uses the double-mating system be sure you know what you are doing. Have your pullet, mating and cockerel mating eggs marked and set them under different hens. Then get directions from the fancier from whom you bought, about mating the chicks when they are grown. Don't imagine that every chick hatched from high-priced eggs is a show chicken or even a good breeder. Study your breed and pick out the best to breed from.

With these precautions, if you have the arrangements and will take the pains to keep up two separate lines of breeding, there is no reason why you should not breed fine birds by double-mating from double-mating stock.

A better way, I think, is to use a practical single-mating system. While this seldom produces as high scoring specimens as sometimes come from the double-mating system in the hands of experts. I am convinced that it is by far more generally practicable system and will give a greater proportion.—B. M. Drake.

**Dehorning.**

Lightwood tar mixed with about half lard is said to be the best remedy you can apply to the wound.

Take a paddle and put it all around the horns before you cut them, press the hair back and you can see better how to cut them. It will stay there longer and keep the flies off better than anything else.

The cow will stand all right while applying the tar, then you can cut them quick, which is an important thing.

Don't think you are smarter than the manufacturer of the incubator, for you have a lot to learn.

THERE IS NOTHING LIKE



FOR restoring original lustre and tone to old worn, scratched and faded furniture, woodwork and floors.  
LACQUERET dries over night and wears like rawhide. It will not fade, turn white or crack.  
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Ask for Color Card and instructive booklet  
"THE DAINTY DECORATOR."  
FOR SALE BY

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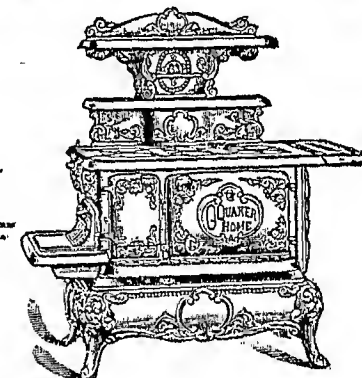
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**STANLEY BISBEE,**

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For Prices and particulars, address

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BERLIN, N. H.



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WEDNESDAY, JULY 13, 1904.

## St. Louis Excursion.

Continued from Page 1.

the imagination. "Worth the price of the trip," said one enthusiastic member of the party, as we returned.

After a good dinner at the Imperial hotel, we were taken down the Incline Railway to the little steamer "Maid of the Mist," for that venturesome ride in the very teeth of the foaming Falls. A grotesque group it was that finally clothed in oil-skins, crowded the deck of the little steamer, all well to the front, and all expectant with anticipation that was not disappointed. Again and again we plunged our way through foam and dashing spray toward the great American Fall only to be beaten back by its resistless power. Each time as we swung around, opportunity was given to view either shore and the great tempestuous Horseshoe Fall. Is it merely a prejudiced patriotism or is it good judgment that gives the crown to the American Fall? Not so boisterous, not flinging up so ponderous a volume of foam, not sending forth such a mighty roar as the Horseshoe Fall, but the calm, tremendous force of that majestic fall appeals to the thoughtful mind. It is American indeed, performing great deeds without fuss, impelled by a great intense forcefulness of character. Nay more, it is like the Creator himself, who never swerving from his great sublime purpose goes on persistently, eternally with a quiet but tremendous power to execute.

After this most interesting and uplifting experience, our party separated for a ramble about the neighborhood and gathered together at the station, where we took the train for Chicago.

Arriving there, after a well served breakfast at Hotel Normandie (kept by the way, by wide-awake Maine people who certainly understand their business) we were seated in first-class, easy-running autos and enjoyed a pleasant trip about the city taking in some of the business districts, seeing the famous Masonic Temple and the fine W. C. T. U. building. A large part of this trip was along the Lake front. Here we saw some of Chicago's fine residences, and were much amused by the long line of amateur fishermen, fisher-women, fisher-boys and girls and fisher-babies, that line the lake side. No one seemed to be catching fish, but all looked as contented as the Hindoo worshippers, squatting on the banks of the Ganges (of which picture they somewhat reminded us). Perhaps they are sitting there yet; certainly they or others like them are. Good luck, oh fishers all! If no fish, may you catch fresh air, good fellowship, a keen appetite and the blessing of Him who called the fishermen to follow him! Returning from the lakeside we stopped at the well-filled Zoo, and for a time saw the elephant and his friends, then were bowled over the broad avenues back to our hotel, which we soon left to continue our pleasant journey to the white city of our dreams in St. Louis.

Time and space will not admit even an apology for the description of the great Fair which we have attended. It is indeed a great Fair, all that it has been advertised to be and more, because it has not been properly advertised. We were exceedingly fortunate in our selection of the dates for our trip, and were at the Fair at one of the most interesting periods of the whole session, and at a time when all laid themselves out for the best. The Fourth of July was one of the



Exposition's greatest days, and its attractions were ours to enjoy. The claim of 350,000 people on the grounds was made, and as none of us counted them, we will not dispute the claim. The procession which we had the happy privilege to witness, was said to contain 12,000 people. We cannot vouch for this number either. The illuminations on the night of the Fourth were simply beyond description.

Everything is near enough to completeness at the present time to be called complete, and the Fair is in full swing. Strange as it may seem, St. Louis has had no real hot weather so far this summer, and the weather during our stay was no exception.

The poet laureate of our crowd, Rev. C. N. Gleason, has given a partial description of the Exposition, and we will make no further attempt, but take pleasure in appending his production under title of "A Song of the St. Louis Fair."

Wednesday morning, July 6, was the day appointed for our departure, and at 8.40 we took our special cars for our return trip. No stops were made, and the entire run from St. Louis to Portland was made in less than forty-eight hours. All felt that the going trip with its side attractions must forever remain unparalleled, but the return trip, even without side attractions, came in a close second. Did we say without side attractions? That is not just correct. We did have some side attractions, but perhaps the performers would prefer that they would not be enumerated, and we do not blame them. Of course it would not be nice to tell about those boys who were so suddenly summoned from the silent dream-land by their descent from the upper story, or rather by their alighting in the aisle of the Pullman. Nor would we tell how the gentleman whose destiny we know not, became inveigled into his misfortunes by one of the charming young ladies of our party, nor who got the cane. Yes, take it all in all, the return trip was all that we could have hoped for. Just enough sense to be sensible, and just enough mirth and good cheer to be enjoyable. It would have been more so, however, if our friend had succeeded in buying that Scenic Railway, for we would have ridden it from "Dan to Beersheba" on our way home, providing he would have let us, and we think he would, or even if we had had one of those Broadway cars, marked "Through," and had taken everything but the through, our trip would not have been especially tame.

Barring foolishness, the whole trip was a success from start to finish, and one which will doubtless be remembered by all throughout their whole life. The writer may be excused for a bit of pardonable pride in his party, made up as it was of sixty-four of the most delightful people that one would ever care to meet; considerate appreciative, courteous and kind, each at once won the respect and esteem of the others, and during the twelve days that we were together, friendships were made which will be as lasting as life; many, in fact, express a strong desire for a reunion in the near future, which, undoubtedly will be in the nature of another trip, the objective point being, according to the expression of the party, Washington, D. C.

One of the last pleasing incidents of the trip came to the writer in the way of an envelope, purporting to be a telegram which read as follows:

## Resolutions.

WHEREAS, We the members of the St. Louis Excursion, conducted by Mr. E. C. Bowler, are unanimous in our judgment that we have been conducted with rare skill over one of the pleasantest itineraries that a sight seeing group could possibly enjoy, and whereas we appreciate the careful foresight, untiring patience and inspiring unselfishness of our con-

ductor, aided by the graciousness of his wife; be it therefore

Resolved: That we extend to Mr. E. C. Bowler our heartfelt thanks, and that we earnestly hope that in the near future, we may all have the opportunity of traveling again under his painstaking management, and be it further

Resolved: That we earnestly desire for him and his family the blessings of health, peace and happiness, till again we meet.

(Signed) J. O. WELLMAN,  
July 7, 1904. for the party.

The expressions of appreciation by each and every member of the party of what their conductor had done or tried to do for their comfort and enjoyment, bountifully repaid him for all of his effort and exertion, and he wishes to assure all, that no one fully enjoyed each and every minute of our trip more than did he, and to each and every one he here expresses his most profound appreciation and thanks for their unbounded kindness to him. Yes, friends,

How dear to our hearts are the scenes of our journey,

When fond retrospection recalls them anew!

The Gorge Ride, the mountain, the blest automobile,

And every attraction which came to our view;

The bright sparkling lake, and the orchards beside it,

The scene from the bridge with the whirlpool below;

The "Maid of the Mist," and the rainbow beside it,

And e'en the long wait which tired us so:

The dear old excursion, the joyful excursion,

The St. Louis Excursion, which delighted us so.

That dear old excursion we recall it with pleasure;

How oft will the thoughts of it come to our minds,

Laden with joys which to us know no measure.

The richest and rarest that life hath defined;

How well we enjoyed it each one of our number!

As we from one pleasure to another did go;

Scarcely receiving due time for our slumber,

Gathering in treasures which made our hearts glow:

The dear old excursion, the joyous excursion,

The St. Louis Excursion, which delighted us so.

How oft in the future 'mid the cares that surround us,

And ask for our thought, our strength and our life,

Will our minds wander back to the scenes now before us,

And permit a new vision of the pleasures now rife.

And now dear friends, for friends I must call you,

Our friendship is planted, and long may it last;

May each find each other as loyal and true.

As we have found all in these days that have passed.

The dear old excursion, the Teachers' excursion,

The St. Louis Excursion, which delighted us so.

We would not forget to express our appreciation of the kindness and courtesy of the Grand Trunk and Illinois Central railroads. Everything was done that could be done to make our trip pleasant and enjoyable. Mr. Johnson of the Grand Trunk, accompanied our party from Portland to Chicago, and by his genial makeup and painstaking assistance, added more to our trip than words can tell, and I am sure that I bespeak the sentiments of our entire party when I say that we as a party and individually acknowledge our indebtedness to him for many of the pleasures of the trip, and in behalf of the party, I extend to him our most sincere thanks, and not to Mr. Johnson alone, but the same is extended to each and every trainman where it is due.

This trip was planned as a vacation trip, and without the slightest thought of taking another, but the marked success which has attended us on every hand, together with the unequalled itinerary which was afforded, and the expressions of appreciations which are being made by over sixty delighted people, has brought inquiries right and left concerning a later trip, and as a result, I have announced that another party will be taken to leave Portland on Monday, September 19.

E. C. B.

## A Song of the St. Louis Fair.

(By Rev. C. N. Gleason.)

I sing the lay of a pilgrimage  
To the city of beauty and light,  
Whose glories entrance the Wit and the Sage,  
And make up a realm of delight.

Its buildings with pillars and towers  
and domes  
Springing upward from pedestals green,  
Of treasures untold are the palace-like homes,  
Whose equal was ne'er before seen.

Oh, city of wonders and infinite charm,  
Gathered up from the world's busy mart,  
As we came from the office, the school  
and the farm  
You've enriched us in mind and in heart.

Our party, so friendly, forbearing and true  
Traveled on like old friends, though our  
friendship was new.

No grumbling was heard, there was  
never a kick,  
Which showed we had horse-sense, good  
temper and grit.

Officials, and trainmen, and waiters were  
won  
By the smiles of the party; their infectious fun  
Even sleeping-car porters, those men of stern mien,  
Dissolved into smiles, and thought life  
had no seam.

And indeed it was true, that all through  
the route  
Our genial conductor ironed all the seams out.

So our friend, E. C. Bowler, we hail with great pride,  
As the prince of conductors and generous guide.

The inn "Outside Out," and the real  
"Inside Inn,"  
These are buildings unique in their way.

The first, when we saw it, brought forth  
a broad grin,  
In the second we lived day by day.

From this great hotel we daily went forth  
To the East and the West, to the South  
and the North.

We went by train and we traveled by foot  
To glance, to see, to gaze, to look

Till the feet were sore, and backs were  
tired,  
And eyes with the smart of the strain  
were freed,

But back on the brain some things were  
placed  
That will not easily be effaced.

How many and strange our experiences  
proved,  
As we wandered our way round the Fair,  
When we walked in the road that by  
travel was grooved,

Or, on "Intramural" sped through the air.

The Pike, Oh the Pike! with its tinsel  
and glow;  
How it flashed on our vision when new,  
And some may have thought 'twas the  
best of the show,

Its attractions so large loomed in view.  
But though holding its pleasures and  
profit as well,

It assumed in due time its right place,  
For its shows and its people had stories  
to tell

That brought frowns with the smiles to  
the face.

The howling and grime  
From India's clime;  
The Red-men with feathers and paint  
With others that seem what they ain't.

Those beefy sylphs from Russia,  
(Over whom we can not gush, ah!)  
And the damsels from Ancient Rome  
Were enough to drive us all home.

But then there were others,  
More like sisters and brothers;  
The educated horse, "Jim Key," (who  
figures just like you and me),

The Japs, though they are little chaps,  
Have Yankee brains beneath their caps.

The Chinese love their children, too,  
And proudly bring them into view.

These folks (even Jim) we sure can't like,  
Although they dwell upon the Pike.

There is "Shoot the Clute" from dizzy  
height,  
And "Scenic Way" for those that like,  
"Old St. Louis," and "The Hereafter,"  
And much that calls forth hearty  
laughter.

These many features we will not forget  
For they stir the blood with their  
memories yet.

So Pike! Great old Pike, as you fade  
from our view,  
We give you a pleasant and kindly  
adieu.

A host of things we could not understand  
Were scattered round about on every  
hand.

Those statue horses with sickly smile  
That held their legs straight out all the  
while,  
As though their hoofs they would have  
manicured.

That no horse posed like them we are  
assured.

Those daubs of paintings by the "Im-  
pressionists"  
That of true lines and color lacked tho  
gist;

Of course they're "Art," they bore the  
judge's stamp  
Though he who gave it, must be fool  
or scamp;

But many more held us in pleasure's  
awe,  
And made us long that we might paint  
and draw.

That scene of rustic plowman, cap in  
hands,  
Who fore the funeral cortege reverent  
stands,  
The pictured children, fair in form and  
face,  
Who in our hearts by instinct found a  
place,  
The fine old roen of noble face and mien  
Were master works of art, as e'er were  
seen.

The limning, true to nature's varying  
mood  
In quiet sunshine and in tempest rude,  
The battle-views, with plunging steed  
and smoke,  
The dear love scene, that one's own  
love awoke,  
These, for which all must had some  
predilection,  
Remain with us a constant benediction.

The Metallurgy building, with its high  
obelisks,  
Told of the work of mining and of the  
miner's risks.

Here according to the program we found  
Lot's wife in salt,  
The fated disobedient preserved since  
ancient time;

Her form, her style, her grace, her smile  
had all gone by default,  
Had I been the Divinity, she would have  
turned to stone.

Mephistopheles in sulphur, the program  
said dwelt here;  
I looked in vain to find that fiend who  
oft had cost me dear,  
And when I asked an employe where I  
might find the devil!

He did not know, and seemed to think I  
was not "on the level,"  
Another said, "For full two months I  
have been in this show,  
And I haven't smelt nor seen him. You  
had better step below."

I did not take his kind advice, but kept  
on roaming round,  
Till I saw old Iron Vulcan planted firm-  
ly on the ground.

His noble head reached heaven, his  
great arm was lifted high  
As though small gods and demons with  
fine scorn he would defy;

And I wondered if old Satan strutting  
round great Vulcan's way,  
Having spoken impudently, or got just  
little gay,

Had been struck with that great ham-  
mer such a straight and mighty  
blow

That the bruised and battered devil had  
gone sulking down below.

The "Agriculture" building and the  
"Hort" I did not see,  
So you "Hort," of course you can't expect  
their epilogues from me.

The "Education" and "Liberal Arts"  
Improved our minds, rejoiced our hearts,  
And we spent some time in "Machinery,"  
Also in the "Varied Industry."

We saw "Electricity's" power and force,  
To its mystery we were blind of course.

"Transportation's" great exhibit we all  
could understand  
For this showed the means for centuries  
of traveling through the land,  
From long before Christ to the present  
day

In chair, sled and auto, by coach and  
railway.

The display in the "Government build-  
ing" was great,  
And showed us how big was our  
Uncle's estate.

There the weapons of war and the ser-  
vice of peace  
Showed by force and by culture our  
Nation's increase.

The Postal Department, our perennial  
pride,  
The life-saving and light-house display  
stood beside,

While maps, views and pictures in-  
genious, set forth  
Our country's achievements advance-  
ment and worth.

Beyond the chief glories of this great  
display  
That filled up the buildings and lined  
all the way,  
Great "Festival Hall," with its two  
branching arms,  
The Lagoons and the Cascades were  
principal charms.

At night, when the fountains of light  
bravely vied  
With the fountains of water let loose at  
their side,  
The scene was transporting and held in  
amaze  
The eye and the soul with its sparkle  
and blaze.

Viewed from the Lagoons, the marvel-  
ous sight  
Blots out the stars, crowns with glory  
the night.  
With the soft stroke of oars in the gon-  
doler's hands  
Comes in air pulsing rhythm (the music  
of bands,  
And we float on a sea of ecstatic delight  
By palace and statue, till there bursts  
on our sight  
The beautiful cascades, in red, gold and  
green  
Surpassing all visions that men have  
yet seen.  
Oh beauty transcendent and almost  
divine,  
Thy glory shall linger, a vision sublime!

But many more held us in pleasure's  
awe,  
And made us long that we might paint  
and draw.

That scene of rustic plowman, cap in  
hands,  
Who fore the funeral cortege reverent  
stands,

The pictured children, fair in form and  
face,  
Who in our hearts by instinct found a  
place,

The fine old roen of noble face and mien  
Were master works of art, as e'er were  
seen.

The limning, true to nature's varying  
mood  
In quiet sunshine and in tempest rude,  
The battle-views, with plunging steed  
and smoke,

The dear love scene, that one's own  
love awoke,  
These, for which all must had some  
predilection,  
Remain with us a constant benediction.

The Metallurgy building, with its high  
obelisks,  
Told of the work of mining and of the  
miner's risks.

Here according to the program we found  
Lot's wife in salt,  
The fated disobedient preserved since  
ancient time;

Her form, her style, her grace, her smile  
had all gone by default,  
Had I been the Divinity, she would have  
turned to stone.

Mephistopheles in sulphur, the program  
said dwelt here;  
I looked in vain to find that fiend who  
oft had cost me dear,

And when I asked an employe where I  
might find the devil!

He did not know, and seemed to think I  
was not "on the level,"  
Another said, "For full two months I  
have been in this show,  
And I haven't smelt nor seen him. You  
had better step below."

I did not take his kind advice, but kept  
on roaming round,  
Till I saw old Iron Vulcan planted firm-  
ly on the ground.

His noble head reached heaven, his  
great arm was lifted high  
As though small gods and demons with  
fine scorn he would defy;

And I wondered if old Satan strutting  
round great Vulcan's way,  
Having spoken impudently, or got just  
little gay,

Had been struck with that great ham-  
mer such a straight and mighty  
blow

That the bruised and battered devil had  
gone sulking down below.

The "Agriculture" building and the  
"Hort" I did not see,  
So you "Hort," of course you can't expect  
their epilogues from me.

The "Education" and "Liberal Arts"  
Improved our minds, rejoiced our hearts,  
And we spent some time in "Machinery,"  
Also in the "Varied Industry."

We saw "Electricity's" power and force,  
To its mystery we were blind of course.

"Transportation's" great exhibit we all  
could understand  
For this showed the means for centuries  
of traveling through the land,  
From long before Christ to the present  
day

In chair, sled and auto, by coach and  
railway.

The display in the "Government build-  
ing" was great,  
And showed us how big was our  
Uncle's estate.

There the weapons of war and the ser-  
vice of peace  
Showed by force and by culture our  
Nation's increase.

The Postal Department, our perennial  
pride,  
The life-saving and light-house display  
stood beside,

While maps, views and pictures in-  
genious, set forth  
Our country's achievements advance-  
ment and worth.

Beyond the chief glories of this great  
display  
That filled up the buildings and lined  
all the way,

Great "Festival Hall," with its two  
branching arms,  
The Lagoons and the Cascades were  
principal charms.

At night, when the fountains of light  
bravely vied  
With the fountains of water let loose at  
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The scene was transporting and held in  
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The eye and the soul with its sparkle  
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little gay,

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mer such a straight and mighty  
blow

That the bruised and battered devil had  
gone sulking down below.



## 3w6







# Ayer's Pills

Wake up your liver. Cure your constipation. Get rid of your biliousness. Sold for 60 years.

Want your moustache or beard a beautiful brown or rich black? Use

**BUCKINGHAM'S DYE**

**STAR.**  
Mrs. Fannie Cole of Martin Meadow Pond is in town.

Isaac Woodsum of Gorham was in town recently.

Mrs. Mabel Pike Smith and children of Boston, Mass., are in town.

Mr. Ernest Greene and wife, nee Bertha Needham, of Island Pond, Vt., were the guests of Miss Vera Cole the fourth. Mrs. Greene was a former teacher here.

Dexter Blake of Berlin is in town.

Harry Leighton of Dummer was in town Saturday.

R. P. Bickford and wife of Groveton were in town Friday.

Mrs. Carrie Blake and son Fay are visiting relatives in town.

Mrs. Manetta Montgomery and son Royal were in Berlin Saturday.

Mrs. Herbert Cole is entertaining her niece, Miss Gagnon.

Henry Stevens and family and Willie Stevens and wife have gone to South Lancaster to do the haying on their farms at that place.

Miss Ada Perkins and William Jarvis were united in marriage, July 4.

Mrs. Arthur M. Carter and children are visiting at Littleton and Aphorp.

Miss Edith M. Wills has gone to East Tonbridge, Vt.

Mr. and Mrs. Hosea Curtis are rejoicing over the arrival of a daughter.

Mrs. Lubell Cole is quite ill.

Mrs. Emma Abbott is poorly.

Frank Rich of Lancaster was in town Sunday.

Mr. Ira Goodwin is visiting his cousin, Arthur Goodwin.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Jordan of Portland are visiting her mother, Mrs. Pike.

Mrs. Merton Day of Colebrook was in town recently.

**Cured of Chronic Diarrhoea After Ten Years of Suffering.**

"I wish to say a few words in praise of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy," says Mrs. Mattie Burge, Martinsville, Va. "I suffered from chronic diarrhoea for ten years and during that time tried various medicines without obtaining any permanent relief. Last summer one of my children was taken with cholera morbus, and I procured a bottle of this remedy. Only two doses were required to give her entire relief. I then decided to try the medicine myself, and did not use all of one bottle before I was well and I have never since been troubled with that complaint. One cannot say too much in favor of that wonderful medicine." This remedy is for sale by G. R. Wiley, Bethel; E. L. Tebbets, Locke Mills; J. W. Bennett, Gilead; H. W. Dennison, West Bethel.

**NORTH NEWRY.**

Mr. M. L. Thurston and son Ray have gone to Andover for a few days.

Mr. A. E. Royce is boarding at Mr. Flint's.

Myra Libby has gone to Old Orchard where she has employment for the summer.

Mr. Roberts of Hanover and other carpenters are at work on the church.

The Ladies' Union Circle of North Newry will hold a mid-summer fair at Eames' Hall Saturday evening, July 16, proceeds of which are to go towards the new chapel which they are erecting. Ice cream and cake will be served.

**Indigestion Causes Catarrh of the Stomach.**

For many years it has been supposed that Catarrh of the Stomach caused indigestion and dyspepsia, but the truth is exactly the opposite. Indigestion causes catarrh. Repeated attacks of indigestion inflame the mucous membranes lining the stomach and excite the glands to secrete mucus instead of the juices of natural digestion. This is called Catarrh of the Stomach.

**Witch Hazel Salve Cures**

Believes all inflammation of the mucous membranes lining the stomach, protects the nerves, and cures bad breath, sour fangs, a sense of fullness after eating, indigestion, dyspepsia and all stomach troubles.

**Witch Hazel Salve Cures**

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**GRAFTON.**

There was a picnic at O. W. Brooks' the fourth.

Fayette Brooks has gone down country haying.

Mr. Ferren and daughter of Errol, N. H., were in town Sunday.

W. H. Otis recently visited his sister, Mrs. F. E. Decker of Berlin, N. H.

Mrs. G. C. Newton of Auburn is visiting her mother, Mrs. N. M. Brown.

Mrs. Floyd Searle with her two children are visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. F. Brooks.

Walter Brinck and Ernest Farrar have gone to Falmouth to work haying.

Mr. and Mrs. Oland Brooks of Boston are visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Brooks.

Robert Horton of Massachusetts, who has been at Mrs. A. W. Farrar's the past year, has returned to his home.

Ed Stevens and wife of Mexico have been visiting Mr. and Mrs. A. F. Brooks of this town. Saturday they went to Magalloway for a few days.

The friends of Mrs. C. W. McInnis of Woodstock, formerly of this town, will be sorry to know that she is very ill at the hospital in Lewiston.

**Weak Hearts.**

are caused by indigestion. If you eat a little too much, or if you are subject to attacks of indigestion, the stomach expands—swells and puffs up against the heart. This crowds the heart and shortens the breath. Rapid heart beats and heart disease is the result. Kodol Dyspepsia Cure digests what you eat, takes the strain off the heart, cures indigestion, dyspepsia, sour stomach, and contributes nourishment, strength and health to every organ of the body. Sold by G. R. Wiley.

**NORTH ALBANY.**

Herman Brown and Abner Kimball are at Yarmouth haying.

C. P. Pingree bought four good steers of Josiah Conner last week.

Mrs. Kennerson and daughter, Blanche have returned from their visit to Dixfield.

Percy O'Brien has a fine pair of black horses.

Chas. Haskell is at work for Ed McPhee. They are cutting the hay on Herman Brown's farm.

Mr. Town is haying for parties in Bethel.

Mr. Chase, Mrs. Kimball and Mr. and Mrs. Bruce spent the Fourth at Broken Bridge Pond.

**One Lady's Recommendation Sold**

Fifty Boxes of Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets.

I have, I believe, sold fifty boxes of Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets on the recommendation of one lady here, who first bought a box of them about a year ago. She never tires of telling her neighbors and friends about the good qualities of these Tablets.—P. M. Shore, Druggist, Rochester, Ind. The pleasant purgative effect of these Tablets makes them a favorite with ladies everywhere.

For sale by G. R. Wiley, Bethel; E. L. Tebbets, Locke Mills; J. W. Bennett, Gilead; H. W. Dennison, West Bethel.

"Ten dollars' fine for driving or riding over this bridge faster than a walk." "What does that mean?" asked a little Indianapolis boy, who was riding with his father. Father explains: "If we whip up and go fast, the policeman will stop us, and take us to the mayor, and he will not let us go till we pay \$10." Silence in the carriage. Meditating boy speaks: "Papa if it wasn't for the policemen and for God what lots of fun we could have, couldn't we?"

**Piles Upon Top of Piles.**

Piles upon top of piles of people have the Piles, and DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve cures them. There are many different kinds of Piles, but if you get the genuine and original Witch Hazel Salve made by E. C. DeWitt & Co. of Chicago, a cure is certain. H. A. Tisdale, of Summerton, S. C., says, "I had piles 20 years and DeWitt's Salve cured me after everything else failed. Sold by G. R. Wiley.

"Mamma, where do the cows get the milk?" asked Willie looking up from the foaming pan of milk which he had been intently regarding. "Where do you get your tears?" was the answer. After a thoughtful silence he again broke out: "Mamma, do cows have to be spanked?"

**Safeguard the Children.**

Notwithstanding all that is done by boards of health and charitably inclined persons, the death rate among small children is very high during the hot weather of the summer months in the large cities. There is not probably one case of bowel complaint in a hundred, however that could not be cured by the timely use of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy.

For sale by G. R. Wiley, Bethel; E. L. Tebbets, Locke Mills; J. W. Bennett, Gilead; H. W. Dennison, West Bethel.

**WANT COLUMN.**

**Wanted.**

Teachers for graded and ungraded schools. Write to

THE MAINE TEACHERS' AGENCY, Bethel, Maine.

**WANTED—American women**

between 18 and 30 years of age to work as attendants in the Medfield Insane Asylum at Medfield Junction, Mass., 20 miles from Boston. Wages increase with length of service. An opportunity to become a trained nurse. Address,

Dr. EDWARD FRENCH, 1747 Medfield, Mass.

**AGENTS WANTED, AT LIBERAL COMMISSION**

To introduce and sell "Sunshine," the best furniture polish in the world. It sells on sight. You can make money this winter. For particulars write,

OREN HOOPER'S SONS, Portland, Me.

**For Sale or To Let.**

Riverside Cottage formerly occupied by Amos King. Apply to

C. C. BRYANT, Bethel, Me.

**Farm for Sale.**

Farm of 120 acres situated in Hanover and well divided as to tillage, pasture and wood land. Two-story house of ten rooms, large oil and good barn with cellar under same. Good running water in house and barn. For particulars inquire of M. J. Swain on premises.

**Phonograph for Sale.**

One Edison Home Phonograph and outfit, consisting of two large horns (one brass and one silk finish), and 117 records with case. Will sell on reasonable terms. Apply to Frank Heath, Mechanic St., Bethel, or Walter E. Clark, Gilead.

7w3

**Lime as a Plant Food.**

Lime, where deficient in the soil, is just as really a plant-food as nitrogen, phosphoric acid or potash, and will well repay the planter when applied to the red clays or gray sandy lands of the South.

**Big Ovens and Little Ovens**

yield the same result when Washburn-Crosby Co.'s Gold Medal Flour is used—always satisfying, nutritious bread; light, rich cakes; uniformly delicate pastry. Bakers know its value from daily experience—from the time the flour goes into the bin until it is handed out a finished food to the smiling customer.

**Washburn-Crosby's**

**Gold Medal Flour**

is the favorite of housewives, because it is easily worked, yields a superior quality of baking, and a greater quantity than any other. Gold Medal flour is made of the finest spring wheat, so milled that the gluten and germ of the grain are retained, giving the bread a fruitlike or almond flavor unknown to improperly milled flour.

**Free to Housewives.**

Cut out this advertisement and mail to us with name of your grocer and we will send you free of charge one of our GOLD MEDAL COOK BOOKS, containing 1000 carefully prepared recipes. If your dealer does not handle Gold Medal Flour, please mention it in your letter. Address

BROWN & JOSSELYN, Portland, Maine.

**The Cause of Many Sudden Deaths.**

There is a disease prevailing in this country most dangerous because so deceptive. Many sudden deaths are caused by it—heart disease, pneumonia, heart failure or apoplexy are often the result of kidney disease. If kidney trouble is allowed to advance the kidney-poisoned blood will attack the vital organs or the kidneys themselves break down and waste away cell by cell.

Bladder troubles most always result from a derangement of the kidneys and a cure is obtained quickest by a proper treatment of the kidneys. If you are feeling badly you can make no mistake by taking Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great kidney, liver and bladder remedy.

It corrects inability to hold urine and scalding pain in passing it, and overcomes that unpleasant necessity of being compelled to go often during the day, and to get up many times during the night. The mild and the extraordinary effect of Swamp-Root is soon realized. It stands the highest for its wonderful cures of the most distressing cases.

Swamp-Root is pleasant to take and sold by all druggists in fifty-cent and one-dollar sized bottles. You may have a sample bottle of this wonderful new discovery and a book that tells all about it, both sent free by mail, Address Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y. When writing mention reading this generous offer in this paper.

Don't make any mistake, but remember the name, Swamp-Root, Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, and the address, Binghamton, N. Y., on every bottle.

**Home of Swamp-Root.**

Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., on every bottle.

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## HEADQUARTERS FOR HAYING TOOLS.

Henceforth we shall make a specialty of Farm Machinery Supplies.

**WORCESTER BUCKEYE, ADRIANCE BUCKEYE, WOOD, OSBORNE, McCORMICK, AND DEERING Machines**

**Sections** 5c. each

Pitman Rods. Pitman Boxes. Pitman Heads. Split Links, Springs, Bolts, Guard Fingers, Guard Plates, etc. for all these machines. Rake Teeth and Bolts.—In fact, supplies of every kind and nature for all rakes and mowers; Also

**Scythes, Snaths, Forks, Rakes, Stones, Hay Forks, Hay Carriers, Etc., Etc.**

Repairs of all Kinds of Farming Machinery constantly on hand. PRICES RIGHT.

**Hastings Brothers, Bethel, Me.**

**To the Public.**

I desire to inform the public that I have purchased the CALVIN BISBEE STORE, in Bethel, and shall continue the same line of business as was carried on by Mr. Bisbee. I assure all that I shall endeavor to maintain the reputation of this store as far as is possible for me to do so, and I earnestly invite my share of the public trade.

**Clarence K. Fox, Bethel, Me.**

**A SIRE OF SPEED, SURE.**

**DECORATE**

A Handsome Black Stallion, standing 16 hands and weighing 1160 pounds

Owned by W. J. Wheeler, So. Paris and J. B. Robinson, Oxford.

DECORATE is called by all who have seen him one of the best individuals that ever stood in service in Maine, but look at his breeding.

He was sired by Dare Devil, a son of Mambrino King, known as the handsomest horse in the world, but that is not all. His dam was Jewel, by Almont Jr., and she is the dam of five foals, with records and trials from 2.10½ to 2.20, including Lord March 2.11½, Diamond King 2.19¼, and Point Dexter 2.21½. With a dam like Jewel, Decorate cannot fail to become great. He is the handsomest horse to-day that stands in the State of Maine. Visitors always welcome, at my stable in South Paris village, where he will make the season of 1904. Term, \$25. All mares at owners' risk. Send for tabulated pedigree.

**W. J. WHEELER,**

South Paris, Maine.

**We are not doing much Boasting**

**About Our Lines of**

**Summer Wrappers, Shirtwaists,**

**Underwear, Hosiery, Boots and Shoes.**

Our innate modesty restrains us. We prefer to keep quiet and let the goods recommend themselves. The public are cordially invited to call and interview them. The interviewing doesn't cost anything, and it doesn't cost much to buy the goods.

**G. P. BEAN,**

HONEST CORNER, Bethel, Maine

**J. G. BOUCHARD COMPANY**

**RECEIVERS.**

**WHOLESALE OR ON COMMISSION.**

Dealer in Fruits and Farm Produce, Butter, Eggs, Apples, Potatoes, Cheese, Poultry, Maple Sugar. Will exchange Barrels by carloads for Apples.

**182 LIGHT STREET, BERLIN, N. H.**



.. BLUE STORES ..



It's About Now

When you wonder if a new pair of Trousers wouldn't help to finish that good coat and vest. Generally they will, and from our extensive line of Worsted, Cheviots, Cassimeres, and Scotchies, you can easily select a pair that will please you.

This is Trouser Season

Almost every man can use a pair or two. Besides these already mentioned we have White Duck, Crash and Outing Pants. A big line of Hot Weather Comforts.

F. H. Noyes Co.,

Norway South Paris

Notice.

Notice is hereby given that the Bethel Savings Bank has been notified that book of deposit issued by said bank to Mrs. S. W. True and numbered 3722, has been destroyed or lost, and that she desires to have a new book of deposit issued to her.

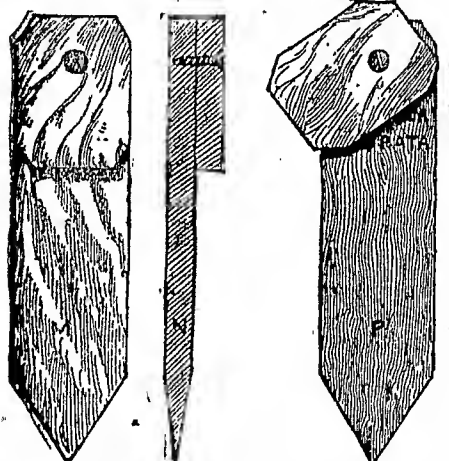
BETHEL SAVINGS BANK,  
by A. E. Herrick, Treasurer.  
Sw3 Bethel, Me., July 12, 1904.

Ask for Allen's Foot-Ease, A Powder

To shake into your shoes. It rests the feet. Makes walking easy. Cures Corns, Bunions, Ingrowing Nails, Swollen and Sore Feet. At all drug stores and shoe stores, 25c. Don't accept any substitute. Samples FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

An Improved Plant Label.

Various devices to prevent the washing off of the names written on plant labels have been invented from time to time. A novel one, is shown in our illustration. It consists in fastening, with a small screw, a short piece of label over the name, as seen at M; a cross, section of the label is shown at N, and at P the cover is



partly raised. This arrangement may be applied to any size of labels. Our great difficulty with wooden labels is not that the name becomes obliterated, but that the ground decays. This may be avoided by using Locust, which is expensive. We are now trying the Southern Cypress, but it is too soon for results.

Mary had a little lad  
Whose face was fair to see,  
Because each night he had a drink  
Of Rocky Mountain Tea.  
G. R. Wiley.

Children's Day at the Universalist Church.

Never has there been a more complete and successful observance of Children's Day at the Bethel Universalist church than that of last Sunday. Much time and effort was expended upon the decorations which were unusually tasteful and attractive, a special feature being the two pyramids of ferns and lilies, one on each side of the altar. The choir rally were wound with evergreen and flowers and there was a profusion of other decorations including many pretty cut flowers, festoons, etc.

The forenoon service was especially appropriate to the occasion, the pastor's address being one specially adapted to the day and being full of helpful and instructive thoughts. The attendance was good showing that the parents are each year taking more interest in observance of this day which has become so important an anniversary in the church. Special music was provided by a choir consisting of Misses Florence, Fannie and Barbara Carter, and Miss Ruth King. The musical program was excellent and much favorable comment was elicited by it. The solo by Miss Florence Carter entitled "Suffer Little Children to Come unto Me," was finely rendered and added much to the attractiveness of the program.

In the evening was given what was pronounced by many to be the best children's concert ever given in the church. The excellent program was carried out without a break. There was a large attendance. A marked feature of the concert was the fact that it was specifically a children's concert, all the parts being taken by the children of the Sunday School, the older ones of the choir not assisting as usual in the musical part. There were recitations by Doris Frost, Carroll Colson, Marion Frost, Madeline Durkee, Ralph Young, Mona Martin, Stella Bartlett, Dorothea Mason, Guy Kendall, Agnes Hutchins and Beulah Bartlett, all of which were finely rendered and showed much careful training. The class of Miss Alice French gave three excellent selections, and there was considerable chorus work.

At the morning service three children were dedicated. The service used by the pastor, Rev. A. D. Colson, was beautiful and impressive, a noticeable feature being the following original consecration hymn, by Mrs. Colson.

CONSECRATION HYMN.

(Tune, "Bailie.")  
Father, here before this altar,  
We would consecrate to Thee  
Little lives that Thou hast given,  
Thine through all eternity.  
Grant us daily, strength and patience  
Little souls to lead to Thee;  
Through the shadow, as the sunshine  
May they still Thy wisdom see.  
Far more precious they, than diamonds,  
Silver, gold, or jewels rare,  
And we know they're safe forever  
In Thy tender, loving care.  
Guide them, oh our Heavenly Father,  
In the Life, the Truth, the Way,  
Lead them gently o'er life's pathway  
To the realms of endless day.

Card of Thanks.

We wish to thank our friends, especially those in Bethel, for kindnesses received during our recent bereavement. To the pastor for such tender words of comfort and hope; to Mr. Grover who did so many little things to make our grief less hard to bear; to the givers of flowers, and last of all to the sweet singer who expressed sympathy by every note of the beautiful hymn.

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GARDEN.

CULTIVATING FOR A PURPOSE.

Growing Demand for Purpose-Grown Strawberries.

Now in this advanced age, there is more demand for every kind of product, either grown or manufactured, all of which is being pushed in a channel of purpose. Fruits of all kinds are rapidly coming into this line.

Let me show this is a fact, not a fact, or a theory. Look at the commercial growing of apples—only a very few varieties are planted—purpose sorts. In the Western, Northern, Central and Southern States; Ben Davis, Jonathan, Grimes Golden, Greenings, Spitzenburgs. In these six varieties alone more acres for commerce in the way of long-distance shipping is planted than any other sorts, because these special types have bred into the tree and fruits, the special requirement for the purpose demanded.

So it is with the strawberry trade today, especially for the long-distance market. I have before me twenty-five State Horticultural reports of recent date, from different states—over the apple and the strawberry belt, and in their reports on this particular line they say that the greatest cause of failure with strawberry growers is from this one cause alone, wrong sorts, too many mongrels, or non-purpose sorts. This has been very plainly demonstrated, because the markets have and are many times broken down with poor soft stock, yet in the same shipment some of the good solid and purpose sorts sold at fair prices. Now this is a plain knock-down argument that our position is not a theory or a hot-air fad.

I want to show you up-to-date grower, either for a home or shipping market, you can not afford to plant mongrels or non-purpose sorts, whose name are legion, while the real purpose variety comes perhaps one in 10,000. Now let me show you another fact which all growers of experience will know; when their attention is called to it, that in order to grow a purpose product, the variety must have in its own plant, the purpose requirement on both sides, where a cross is made for an approach for an ideal. On this idea of propagation I will show you or get you closer in touch with nature—evolution. So many look at evolution as a great word, they can not understand a hidden word book with its pages closed. We go often call it the mysteries of nature. This shows at once our ignorant superstition cropping out; we have not yet got our eyes and mind upon enough to know in the matter of our education we have not arrived at the point that we can conceive a patent fact.

Dame Nature is a teacher and always open for inspection. When all the conditions are right and favorable, she makes no mistakes. We speak about chance in nature, no such thing exists, when all the affinities are right the cross-bred purpose, will assert its own nature either in plant or animal creation, always a step forward is made. But when conditions are wrong, then the mongrel or non-purpose will be the result.

Here is where your mongrel strawberry comes from, while your purpose sorts, where their certain conditions are all right. Now my brother strawberry-grower, these important facts bring us to a point of advice. You may not realize it, but I want to show you, we have all been guilty of doing something in the past which has been dead sure against us. We have been doing the monkey and parrot act, or playing second fiddle in our planting. We have been letting the nurseryman or his agent or the Cheap John plant grower do all our thinking for us all these years. What do they tell you? Plant all his kinds; you have done it, took the whole dose, mongrels and all. You long-distance shippers lost out. Let us make it in a more business way. Look up your own self a trial ground, testing for ideal purpose sorts, both for plants and fruit; when you have found they meet the requirements then plant largely. As a rule, the real purpose sorts will succeed almost anywhere while the best of the non-purpose do not. Our State Horticultural Reports show these facts, while the non-purpose are not and will not succeed in all localities. This has given rise to so much being said about locality.

Nature alone has been making some of the greatest improvements, in fact, with most all kinds of fruit. The chance seedling, as we call it, has brought out many of our best real purpose sorts. If Crescent or Haviland, they would be what Ben Davis is as a purpose apple, but they are not. For approaches for an ideal I will name what is recognized by the Horticultural reports as the leaders: Excelsior, Brandywine, Lady Thompson, Aroma, Ridgeway, Senator Dunlap, Newports, Klondike, Sample, Uncle Jim and Wild Wonder—all reg to center sorts. I will say that I have all the above on my trial ground and in my three years test find that of 20 sorts, the Wild Wonder or W. W. has borne on an average of 5 quarts to 1 of the 20 sorts, while of the two best yielders of the 20 sorts W. W. has made over 2 quarts to 1. Showing more essential points for an approach to an ideal than all the others. Now, my reader, these varieties are all on the market—look for them—John Shank.

BUCKSAW AND SAWBUCK.

Saved Up the Wood and Kept the Old Ram Out of the Garden.

The Hartford Times the other morning gave this up uncomplainingly, and searchers in the Grab Bag are hereby rewarded:

An old farmer of Arkansas, whose sons had all grown up and left him, hired a young man of the name of Esau Buck to help him on the farm. On the evening of the first day they hauled up a small load of poles for wood and unloaded them between the garden and the barnyard.

The next morning the old man said to the hired man, "Esau, I am going to town to-day and while I am gone, you may saw up that wood and keep the old ram out of the garden."

When the old man had gone, Esau went out to saw the wood, but when he saw the saw he wouldn't saw it. When Esau saw the saw, he saw that he couldn't saw it with that saw. Esau looked around for another saw, but that was the only saw he saw, so he didn't saw it. When the old man came home, he says to Esau, "Esau, did you saw the wood?" Esau said, "I saw the wood, but I couldn't saw it." The old man went out to see the saw and when he saw the saw he saw that Esau couldn't saw with that saw. When Esau saw that the old man saw that he couldn't saw with the saw, Esau picked up the ax and chopped up the wood and made a saw. The next day the old man went to town and bought a new bucksaw for Esau Buck, and when he came home he hung the bucksaw for Esau Buck on the sawbuck by the seewaw.

Just at this time Esau Buck saw the old buck in the garden eating cabbage, and when driving him from the garden to the barnyard Esau Buck saw the bucksaw on the sawbuck by the seewaw, and Esau stopped to examine the new bucksaw. Now when the old buck saw Esau Buck looking at the new bucksaw by the seewaw he made a dive for Esau, missed Esau, hit the seewaw, knocked the seewaw against Esau Buck, who fell on the bucksaw on the sawbuck by the seewaw. Now when the old man saw the old buck dive at Esau Buck and miss Esau and hit the seewaw and knock the seewaw against Esau and Esau Buck fall on the bucksaw on the sawbuck by the seewaw he picked up the ax to kill the old buck, but the buck saw him coming dodged the blow and countered on the old man's stomach, knocked the old man over the seewaw on to Esau Buck, who was getting up with the bucksaw off the sawbuck by the seewaw, crippled Esau Buck, broke the bucksaw and the sawbuck and the seewaw.

Now when the old buck saw the completeness of his victory over the old man and Esau Buck and the bucksaw and the sawbuck and the seewaw he quietly turned around, and ate up the old man's cabbage.

Now when the old buck saw the completeness of his victory over the old man and Esau Buck and the bucksaw and the sawbuck and the seewaw he quietly turned around, and ate up the old man's cabbage.



Mrs. Rabbit—Now I wonder if that fool boy thought I couldn't find my burrow without him coming and pointing it out for me?

ESSAY ON THE HORSE.

A Noble Quadruped Ridden on the Spinal Cord by the Bridle.

The following remarkable essay on the horse is said to be from the pen of an Indian student:

"The horse is a very noble quadruped; but when he is angry he will not do so. He is ridden on the spinal cord by the bridle, and sadly the driver places his foot on the stirrup, and divides his lower limbs across the saddle, and drives his animal to the meadow. He has four legs; two are on the front side and two are afterward. These are the weapons on which he runs. He also defends himself by extending those in the rear in a parallel direction toward his foe, but this he does only when in a vexatious mood. There is no animal like the horse. No sooner they see their guardian or master than they always cry for food but it is always at the morning time. They have got tails, but not so long as the cow and other such like animals."—Scottish American.

"When the Ghost Walks," as synonymous with 'salary day' is a familiar term, but I never yet saw in print an explanation of its origin," said a veteran actor.

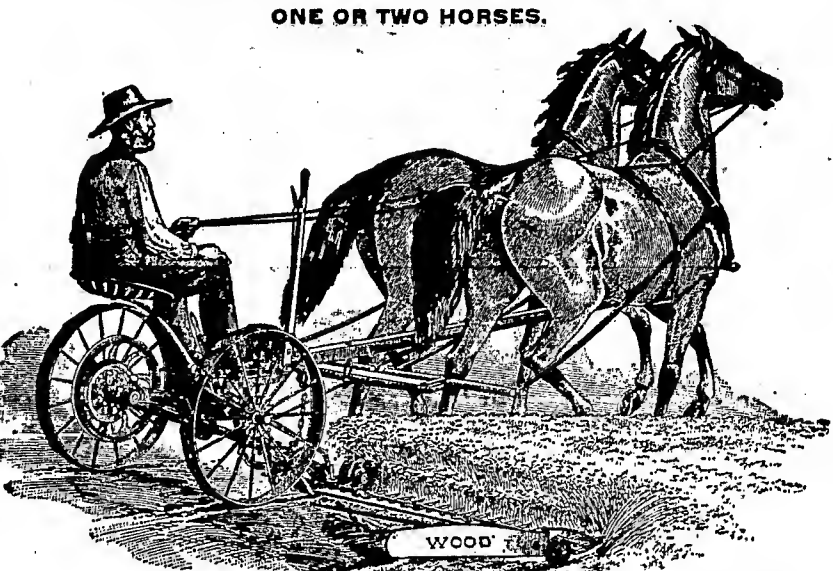
"List most of the 'technical' expressions of the stage hand, this phrase comes from England. In the days of Macready, a provincial company was playing 'Hamlet' at Lavenham, in Suffolk. Salaries were constantly in arrears, and the suspicion began to grow among the members of the company that the manager intended to defraud them.

"On the last night of the engagement the performance went along smoothly enough up to that passage of the tragedy in which the ghost disappears, and Hamlet says: 'Perchance 'twill walk again.' Then from behind the scenes came the ghost's voice in a tone distinctly audible to every one: 'No, this ghost will walk no more until his salary is paid.'"

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VOLUME X.—NUMBER 9.

Alteration Sale.

We have leased the store formerly occupied by the Smiley Shoe Store, and are making extensive alterations. We will take out the partitions between the two stores, which will make our store about double the present size. In order to do this to the best advantage, and be ready for the fall opening and new goods, we must reduce our stock. This we shall try to do by greatly reducing prices on all lines of Summer goods. Don't miss this sale, for you can save money.

ONE LOT Coats of black cheviot and covert cloth, neat coat style, were \$6.50, now \$3.98.

ONE LOT Coats of black cheviot and light covert cloth, good lining, neat style, were \$8.50, now \$4.98.

Several neat styles in suits at just one-half the regular price.

ONE LOT Walking Skirts of a light mixed material, regular price \$5.00, sale price \$2.98.

ONE LOT Skirts, dark, 32 to 38 inch length, regular price \$2.98, sale price \$1.49.

ONE LOT Duck Skirts in plain colors and polka dotted, very full, regular price \$1.98, now \$1.25.

ONE LOT of fine pegs, polka dotted, plaited bottom, regular price \$2.50, now \$1.75.

ONE LOT Rain Coats of good waterproofed material, brown and Oxford mixture, regular price \$12.50, now \$8.50.

ONE LOT of fine waterproofed material, Oxford and brown mixtures, neat style, \$15.00, now \$10.50.

ONE LOT Shirt Waist Suits of cotton goods, neat style, regular price \$1.00, now 79c.

Shirt Waist bargains, pretty styles, very cheap.

ONE LOT Waists of gingham, dark, good styles, tucks, regular price 95c, sale price 75c.

ONE LOT Gingham Waists, lace stripe, good colors, tucked, regular price \$1.49, now 98c.

ONE LOT Lawn Waists, good quality, tucks and lace insertion yoke, regular price \$1.98, sale price \$1.49.

ONE LOT fine Lawn Waists, pretty style fine Hamburg insertion in sleeves and front, very neat, regular price \$2.40, now \$1.98.

Wash Goods.

In this department all goods are marked at a great discount.

ONE LOT Silk Muslin, fine heavy quality, dotted, all colors, regular price 50c, now 39c.

ONE LOT of the regular dotted silk muslin, all colors, 27 inches wide, regular price 42c, now 34c.

ONE LOT of the popular voile for shirt waist suits, good colors, plain and mixed, regular price 25c, now 17c.

ONE LOT mercerized lace stripe muslin, good colors, 27 inches wide, regular price 25c, now 17c.

ONE LOT Muslins, lace stripe and dotted, many neat patterns, regular prices 15c and 19c, now 12 1/2c.

ONE LOT Muslins, light and dark, all colors, pretty patterns, regular price 12 1/2c, now 10c.

ONE LOT Scotch Oxford, stripe and plain, very pretty for waists, regular price 12 1/2c, now 8c.

ONE LOT Waltingtons, good colors and patterns, mostly light, regular price 25c, now 15c.

ONE LOT Waltingtons, white, neat patterns, regular price 37 1/2c, now 25c.

ONE LOT Waltingtons, white with a little color, mercerized, were 50c and 60c, now 42 1/2c.

ONE LOT Unbleached Crash, all linen, 20 inches wide, was 90c, now 7c.

ONE LOT Bleached Crash, pure linen, 18 inches wide, regular 12 1/2c, now 10c.

ONE LOT white wash belts, 12 1/2c.

Thomas Smiley

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A full sized white Iron Bed, with brass knobs on posts, a woven wire spring with double weave, a hand made soft top mattress for \$7.50. This is not a sham, but a substantial bed, a guaranteed spring, and a No. 1 mattress. The above will be shipped to you subject to your approval. Your money refunded if the goods do not suit. Our Mail Order Department is waiting to hear from you.

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